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TOKEAH;

OR,

THE WHITE ROSE.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft, from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Knowest thou it?

Thither! O, thither!
My dearest and kindest with thee would I go.

GOETHE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TOKEAH;

OR,

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

We charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officer's.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are few countries in the western hemisphere, which nature seems to have more distinctly pointed out for great purposes, than that to which we are now shifting our scene; and yet there is scarcely one of less inviting appearance. Emerging from the bosom of the sea, or rather from the great channel that sweeps the collected waters of hundreds of rivers through its plains, it forms, as it were, the key stone of the endless valley, and probably of the future empire, which time, and the restless hand of man will raise there. The whole country, however, is studded and intersected with lakes and swamps, and traversed with rivers and streams, and the foot of man may there be literally said, to rest on watery ground.

INDIAN COLLECTION

The painter who is desirous of forming a vivid idea of chaos in all its grandeur, ought to visit the passes of the Mississippi. The endless waste of waters rolling towards the gulf; the low mud-slope, scarcely discernible from the muddy stream, and overgrown with a dwarfish cane; haply the trunk of a tree borne down by the current, and sticking in the low mud bank, with perhaps a mast of a wrecked vessel, raising its dismal head above the surface, are the only objects that arrest the eye: no habitation of man, no herb, no bird, is to be seen. The wind sighing mournfully through the cane, the hoarse cry of the pilot, or the hissing of the steam boat, are the only sounds that interrupt the oppressive dreariness.

For more than a century the boundless tract of country, then called Louisiana, was little better than a forgotten and neglected colony, ceded and exchanged with a carelessness that showed how little importance was attached to it. A new era began to dawn, upon its incorporation with the great republican family of North America, and the new impulse which it received by the Union, soon began to be felt in the vast improvements that were every where carried on. Little more than ten years had elapsed since this period, and the face of the country was already changed in a manner, that, considering the great difficulties which man had to overcome, must have filled the mind of a somewhat more than common observer, with astonishment.

Even at this early period, that is, some fourteen years ago, the banks of the Mississippi up to Baton Rouge, and as far as Natchez, presented a long, and but seldom interrupted range of old-fashioned, but substantial mansions:—the capital itself had, from a forlorn nestling place of a

few thousand colonists, become an important commercial city, the seat of wealth and luxury, which even attracted the eye of Great Britain.

What may have been the reason, why the careful mother fixed her eye on this newly adopted child of the disobedient republican family; whether she wished to retain the key of the western country and of its trade, or whether the incursion was only intended as a chastisement to her relative, presuming to dispute their element with the lords of the ocean, and, to say the least of it, in a manner more serious than might have been expected, or whether it was meant as a mere visit to the cotton bales and sugar hogsheads, we leave to sage statesmen, as a point foreign to our purpose. Suffice it to say, that a powerful expedition, and such a one as had never before appeared on the peaceful banks of the mighty river, spread terror and dismay among the good people of the new sovereign state.

There scarcely seemed any conquest easier than that of this country. The inhabitants had never known of war before, if we except a few Indian irruptions; and the warlike spirit of their French and Spanish ancestors, had been kept down under a long line of satraps, to ensure their allegiance to the remote mother country. The union seemed too young to be firmly cemented; little jealousies existed inseparable from the incorporation of a new country into a vast republic; and the irruption of a throng of new and enterprising adventurers, was looked upon by the settled inhabitants with that sort of feeling, with which an old store-keeper might be supposed to regard a young and enterprising Yankee rival.

The larger and more enlightened part of the community, could not but be highly sensible of

the immense advantages they had gained, without shedding a drop of blood, and they embraced the cause of their new country, with all the warmth of native Americans, and burning with desire to show themselves worthy of their newly acquired citizenship. But still there were some—and where are there not such?—who looked upon their northern fellow citizens with an unfavourable eye; some who were perhaps better inclined to their visiters, and talked of surrender and so forth. This indeed was here, as it was every where else, where each one has his own opinion, and is at liberty to declare it freely. But other, and more serious impediments, or rather wants, were to be overcome. There were no arms, no ammunition, no troops; none of those necessary evils, invented by human ingenuity, for the successful destruction of the species: in short, such difficulties as must arise in a country, that has enjoyed a long and almost uninterrupted peace.

These few and imperfect outlines of the situation of things, in the southern parts of the state, could not be strictly applied to the northern and north-western districts. The settlers of these counties, or, as they are called in the language of the country, parishes, were for the greater part Americans, of that sturdy and fiery race that hover on the borders of the western states, without sufficient means to purchase the more prolific and fertile tracts on the margin of the Mississippi; they therefore contented themselves with the second rate lands, where a few negroes, added to their own nervous arms, and the herds of wild cattle dispersed over the boundless savannas of Opelousas, Natchitoches, and Attacapas, promised them what they came for, wealth and independence, in their own way. If they had not the same means of grati-

fying their desires, as their more southern neighbours; the fresh air, the chase, and hard steady working, kept them in that vigour, which they had inherited from their fathers, and augmented, in their native states. They were a fiery, stout race, rather rough, but vigorous in body and mind.

The news of the invasion had scarcely spread, before they rushed with their rifles, or what came next in their way, to meet the invaders.

It was less from fear of seeing their property destroyed or their peaceful habitations pillaged—the former could easily be removed on a couple of wagons into the interior of the woods, the latter might with the assistance of a dozen of hands be rebuilt in a week. It was a certain restless spirit, that animated these sons of the forest. They expected a sort of frolic, a chase—a fight—and they would have it.

It was on a bright December morning, the sun was just sufficiently cool to dispel the mists and fogs, that had hung about the rivers and swamps during the preceding weeks. There was a great bustle and commotion in the country-town of Opelousas. It seemed indeed wonderful, where the people came from, in a country apparently so thinly settled. Any person whom chance might have thrown into this medley of men and women and children, white, yellow, and black, evidently dressed in their best, would have been puzzled to guess at the meaning of the gathering. From the hard drinking, dancing, fighting, romping, and "cutting up high," that reigned throughout the assembly, one might have imagined that there was a general frolic; but there were also arms, and an attempt at military uniform, and to form into a line. Some shouldered their rifles, others their fowling-pieces, a third carried an old cara-

bine without a lock, while a fourth had a rusty pistol, with a broken barrel or a stout club in his hand.

This was the general aspect of the motley assembly, out of which were soon formed two separate groups, that drew towards their respective head-quarters. One of these was a tavern, with an old sign, embellished by a painting whose rough faded outlines would have baffled the researches of a Denon, and a host of antiquarians: the inscription immediately below, informed those who could decipher the legend, that, "eNTeRtaINMent For man And beast," was there provided. The interior of the tavern presented a scene worth the pencil of Van der Velde. The favourite dance of the backwoodsmen, the hopsesa, was here performed to the music afforded by a wretched fiddle. We spare our readers a fuller detail of the steps of these gallants, who figured with their hats on their heads, and their pint glasses in their hands.

The second group was of rather a more serious description. It was gathered before one of those miscellaneous stores, which are so frequently to be found, and so characteristic of the smaller towns, in the back woods. A few earthen jugs, a keg of chewing tobacco, and a barrel of whiskey, or a flask of gunpowder, with a brown wool hat, and a pair of shoes, to which a few rusty jack knives might be added, exhibited the whole merchantable commodities of the owner.

Over the door an old sign was nailed, with the inscription, "NEW STORE CHEAP FOR CASH," and on the walls of the ricketty frame house was written with chalk, "Whiskey, Brandy, Tobacco, Post-office." The persons assembled around this dwelling, consisted of a knot of double-jointed, square-

built men, duly convened to select their officers, and to march forthwith to outfight the British. On a stump of a cotton tree, that at other times served their women in alighting from their horses, stood a gentleman as he was called, who, to judge from his high-crowned hat, clean shirt, and new coat of linsey woolsey, was undoubtedly a candidate for one of the military offices, for which the election was to take place. Close to him were some others of a similarly aspiring exterior.

There was an unusual silence, comparatively speaking, round the knot, if we except the occaeasional whooping of a few straggling topers, who waded in high glee through the mud, with which the only street of the town was amply provided. The shoutings from the opposite tavern, and the bartering of women and girls, who sold gingerbread, cakes, and apples, could now and then be heard, but the orator seemed above being disturbed by trifles. So, after having hiccuped half-a-dozen times, he opened his mouth and began to tell his auditors how he would "castigate them d—dest British, that he hated worse than pole cats." Just, however, as he was going to explain himself more clearly, the speech-making gentleman was interrupted by the loud hallooing of two topers, who, with pint glasses in hand, had sauntered and reeled along the street. The words outgoing, outfight, outrun, were distinctly heard. Half-a-dozen Goliahs detached themselves from the knot, "just to take a peep at what them d—d fools whooped at so devilishly."

But they had scarcely turned their backs, before the rest, impelled by the same laudable desire o perhaps witnessing a fight, scampered off, leav-

ing the orator no other choice, than to stalk after his congregation.

From the dark cypress swamps which begin about half a mile from the margin of the Atchafalaga, a figure had emerged, which, from its dress, belonged to the Indian race. As the individual advanced with a wary step towards the town, he had attracted the attention of the two topers, who, though their hands were giddy with the bewitching flavour of their favourite Monongahela whiskey, had no sooner espied the lurking Indian, as they presumed him to be, than they gave chase. Swift of foot, the sons of the west had soon outstripped the Indian, who seemed in fact too much spent long to escape his nimble pursuers.

Before they had repeated their "stop!" the Indian was within the grasp of a powerful fellow, when a voice, not unlike that of a roaring bull, bawled out to him "either to stop, or he would set his jaw bones aright in a style."

The poor Indian seemed to comprehend the language, or the meaning of his pursuers, and halted; not, however, without putting himself into an attitude, that indicated his firm determination to resist to the utmost. His gun-lock ticked, and unsheathing his knife, he stept back, facing his antagonist. The foremost of the two pursuers had left his pint glass behind the rail fence, that formed the lane, to have a cordial after his return, and he was unarmed, if we except the dirk that stuck in his girdle. He now stood before the Indian, whom he examined with that shrewd glance with which a new, and rather suspicious object is sure to be scrutinized, by such as claim the right of looking into every one's business.

The appearance of an Indian in this quarter was in itself nothing extraordinary, as scarcely a hundred miles further to the north-west their villages were established, and their excursions were known frequently to extend many hundred miles. Their diminished number, and above all their increasing want, edged by the taste they had acquired, for the irresistible firewater, had made them in fact the hunting slaves of the settlers, who bought for the tenth part of its real value, whatever game the insatiable thirst of these wretched victims led them to procure. There was certainly no other intention on the part of the pursuers, than to have a little fun, and to drink half a pint of "genuine Monongehala" with the red skin. At last the man who stood within grasp of the Indian, announced his intention, by swearing he should drink half a pint with him, or he would "put him into his breeches' pocket."

By this time the second pursuer, on whom repeated draughts lay heavier, had approached the Indian, when they took him between them with that regardless familiarity and assurance, which either knows of no resistance, or cares not for it, and considers it a right to meddle, with undisputed authority, in every thing in their own country; both advanced from the dark shade of the cypress towards the lane, that ran from the morass towards the river.

"Come, red boy," shouted the second companion, who, occasionally missing the narrow trodden path, staggered knee deep into the mire, while the other, to use his own expression, "could still stand in his own shoes." "D—n if ye sha'nt fight them d—dest British, and drink, ay, and drink too."

By this time the rest of the party had come

up, with various degrees of swiftness, examining from afar already the new started object, that so opportunely had fallen in their way, to make them merry, and not unlike a pack of hounds, who are seen bounding open-mouthed upon the stranger, whose bad fortune has suddenly thrown him into a circle of jolly huntsmen.

Almost all the auditors, who had listened to the speech of the would-be captain, had now gathered round the stranger; a few more steady, and, as it seemed, more consequential, among whom was the orator, lagging still behind.

There was a sort of jeering curiosity observable in the crowd. Without asking leave, as may be supposed, they approached the apparent Indian, examined the fowling piece, took a peep at his scalping knife, and at his shattered sword, and one even went so far as to lift the big cap, to get a deeper insight into the character of their new, and as it seemed, involuntary visiter.

There was something strange in his appearance, it must be confessed. A light cap covered his head to the ears, and carefully concealed the flaxen curls, but the soft down of his youthful beard rendered the concealment useless. His open fur waistcoat showed the dress of the natives, but a pair of pantaloons contrasted strangely with the girdle of wampum. His leggings, with one mocasin, were of Indian make; his hands and face were painted, but his countenance was so finely formed, its features so regular, so noble, that the crowd gazed with that sort of perplexity which many of them had perhaps experienced, when they approached a thicket, expecting to meet a growling bear, and found in its place a furious panther.

"Stand off," said the stranger at last, with a

voice in which scorn and indignation were closely blended, as the audacity of one of the knot, who, with hands whose warty excrescences seemed to belong rather to the paws of an alligator, than to a human being, had again lifted his cap, and shown the curls of the youth.

It was, as our readers will have guessed, Arthur, who, guided by the Indian runner to the path of the Coshattees, had at last found his way through the almost inextricable ranges of forests and swamps, and lakes and rivers, with which these regions are so over abundantly blessed—though not without the loss of one of his mocasins.

Perhaps he would never have reached the banks, but for the favourable season, and the lowness of the waters, dried up as they were by the ardent sun of the preceding summer.

His firm robust constitution, had, with the flame that burnt in his bosom, and the desire of liberating his sister, contributed to carry him through all obstacles, in a shorter time than might have been expected from a youth who had, probably, made his former tours in a different style. He had subsisted on wild ducks and geese, which he had killed and roasted in the manner taught him by the runner, and he was just emerging from the wilderness, and again approaching the dwellings of civilized beings, when, as we have seen, his course was arrested. The huge colossal powers of the backwoodsmen; their observant weather-beaten features; the long, dangerous dirks showing buckhorn hafts, stuck out of their girdles, gave them rather a dangerous aspect; and desirous as he was to behold civilized human beings, his entire ignorance of the country, and his recent adventure, had taught him the neces-

sity of extreme circumspection. He determined to retrace his steps as soon as he saw them, but it was too late.

"D—n," exclaimed one of the party after a long pause of astonishment and scrutiny.

"Who the devil are ye—ye ain't none of them devilish redskins?"

"I am an Englishman," was the short reply of the young man. It was given in that brief tone and not without that slight sneer, with which a disguised nobleman would throw off an incognito, and announce at once to his supposed inferiors, his real character. Perhaps there was something of a similar feeling in the mind of the youth; the glance at least which he cast cursorily over the motley crowd and their garbs, seemed to betray any thing but respect or fear.

"An Englishman?" repeated twenty voices, and among them the orator, who had in the interim joined his runaway auditors, not a little angry at the object that had untimely obtruded itself, while he was explaining his fitness and high claims to the first military office in their gift.

"That ain't your only recommendation!" said he, now casting an exterminating glance at the unlucky young man.

The young man deigned scarcely to return the side glance of the thick-set, square-built gentleman, whose gray eye measured him evidently with an evil disposition: after a moment's consideration he said, "For the present it is my only one."

Whatever may have been the feelings of the orator, and they were certainly inimical, the rest of the knot seemed not to participate them. There was not, certainly, that reverential astonishment which our young Englishman perhaps expected; but a sort of curiosity, a friendly feel-

ing towards the stranger whose noble bearing seemed to please. Perhaps the slumbering tie of consanguinity and veneration toward the country to which many of them owed their origin, and which may be discerned more or less, at the appearance of every Englishman in this country, contributed a little. Certain it is, the crowd seemed to have forgotten for a moment, at least, that the young man who stood before them, was an individual of the nation whose troops they were just going to meet in deadly strife. Gradually, however, different thoughts and recollections thronged on their minds, and their disappointment at seeing an Englishman instead of an Indian, contributed to augment them.

"And d—n it, how did you get here to Opelousas?" demanded the ill-willed orator.

"From on board my vessel," was the short answer.

"From on board his vessel!" repeated again a dozen voices, and the clouds that darkened their brows threatened now to break forth.

The news of the landing of the British troops, had just reached the village, with the tidings of the capture of the gun-boats, and some other things of minor importance.

The ill-looking orator stept aside with some of the men, and spoke apparently with an air of mystery and great importance. Their glances fell from time to time upon the stranger. They were soon joined by the rest of the backwoodsmen, and the air of the speaker became more determined. The Englishman was left alone, but they posted themselves behind him, thus precluding the possibility of escape.

At times, one or the other would detach himself from the knot, and eye the young man more

closely, as if to confirm his own opinion of the audacious suggestion, which the candidate had probably started.

Nothing could be more striking than the change, which this short conversation produced in the countenances and demeanour of the backwoodsmen. The familiarity with which they had received him, their curiosity and forwardness, seemed at once to have given way to cold repugnance. Their manner had changed to a sullen, cold and even haughty reserve, and they surrounded him again, with the orator at their head.

"Stranger!" said the latter in a tone of authoritative indignation, "you are a suspicous person and must follow us."

"And who are you, who claim the right of obstructing the public road to an unoffending traveller?" demanded the youth in the same firm tone.

"The citizens of the United States of North America," said the person interrogated, with a dignity that startled the youth a little, and made him look at the high-crowned hat and his coat of linsey woolsey with rather more attention than he originally intended—"are at war with your country, as you probably know better yourself."

"I am," said the Englishman, whose spirit began to flag a little, "neither a soldier, nor connected with the army, and have been thrown, through a series of untoward accidents, on your shores; I hope I am safe amongst you?"

"That ye'll soon find out," replied the man, drily.

And with these words the group closed round him, and they moved toward the town.

CHAPTER II.

Forbear a while—we'll hear a little more.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE country town of Opelousas consisted at that time of about twelve frame and log built dwellings, among which was one of somewhat a better structure and of a larger size. It was the residence of the squire, towards which the crowd now advanced. There was something in their manner, that did not augur the best reception from the magistrate, to whom the Englishman knew he should be introduced. He had at first looked at the proceeding of the motley group, as the unseasonable merry-making of an unruly mob, who will allow themselves a broad joke at the expense of a perplexed and inexperienced traveller; but the gravity and sullen dignity, the stern looks with which he was measured, and, above all, the distance at which they kept, as if they were afraid of coming in closer contact, seemed a prelude to many disagreeable feelings.

When they arrived before the house of the squire the whole town was collected in front of it.

The stump orator, with the two captors, entered, and the crowd that had collected before the house, now rushed vigorously on the foremost men, and would soon have drawn its inmates into the back-room, the only one which the house

contained on the first floor besides the kitchen. As soon, however, as the men perceived the squire sitting at breakfast, they stemmed the current of the intruders with their square-built backs, and the words—"The squire's taking breakfast," caused an instantaneous retreat.

There was something not uninteresting in the eager intrusion and instant retreat of these rough countrymen; it showed a sense of decorum, thought the Englishman, who was not quite so much absorbed in his own affairs as to lose sight of the new objects that presented themselves, especially as they augured better hopes. The stump orator, whom we designate by this appellation, till we shall know one more appropriate, remained with the two informants and our captive, in the room.

"Men, will you take breakfast?" said the sunburnt, elderly, but vigorous-looking justice of the peace.

"Perhaps that there stranger will," replied the first captor, taking a chair, and sitting himself down—and then pointing to the pseudo-Indian. The other two men had also taken chairs.

"Sit down, man," said the squire to the captive, without looking up from his plate, "and help yourself. A cup, old woman."

The mistress filled a cup with coffee and put it before her new guest; with plate, knife, and fork. There was in the whole a gravity, a sullen primitive civility, a stern formality, which began to inspire the young man with that respect towards his rough but manly acquaintances, which a proper conduct of the less informed classes, never fails to produce, even on those of higher rank. After a second repetition of the invitation, he sat

down to the table. It was spread with cakes of Indian corn, hams, eggs, and mackerel.

"Help yourself, men," said the squire.

The backwoodsmen did not wait for a second invitation—rising, they proceeded to the table, to take their libation. They drank the health of their host and hostess as well as their own, without forgetting that of the prisoner, whose fate they were just going to involve so seriously. A stranger might have entered and seen these different personages, calmly sitting at their meal, or drinking their toddy, and he would have guessed any thing, but that there really was a question to be decided, on which, perhaps, the life or death of a fellow being depended. So calm, slow, and formal was every movement of the parties engaged in eating and drinking.

The wife of the squire from time to time cast a stolen glance at the captive, as if desirous to catch a glimpse of what was to come, and a boy and two full grown girls looked still more attentively at their new guest; the squire, however, sat unmoved, and fully occupied with the business of mastication, which he seemed to perform with a steadiness, that gives to every concern its proper time.

"The election ain't over?" asked he, after a long pause.

"No," replied the orator, with a sullen glance at the Englishman.

Another long pause followed, during which they finished their meal. When the table was cleared, the justice rose, and, opening the door, let the crowd in.

"And now," said he, putting an old cork inkstand, with a pen parched by long disuse, and a

quire of paper before him, "to business! What is the matter now, and who is to speak first?"

The triumvirate seemed at a loss who should begin. One looked at the other, without saying a word.

"Well, Joe Drum must talk first," at length said the stump orator.

The worthy, without waiting for farther prompting, took a huge quid of tobacco from his square mouth, threw it into the corner of the chimney, and began to state the case in a clear, plain, manner; throwing, however, a strong suspicion on the young man.

The judge now, for the first time, eyed the defendant more attentively, who stood silent and collected before him, his features occasionally varying a little. The captor, after having delivered his jaws from a similar portion of tobacco, confirmed the statement of Joe Drum, as quickly as the heaviness of his tongue allowed.

"Sure!" said the judge, by way of interjection, "you're again as besotted as ever, I reckon; and but yesterday, when I drew you out of the mud at Alligator's swamp, you promised me firmly not to look at any liquor for these six weeks."

"And so I don't," replied the hard worker and drinker—"I've shut my eyes the whole day, and drunk blind. I'll be d—d, if I ain't as sober as a judge; but them fips and levies," throwing a dirty leather bag with a dozen small silver coins upon the table, "must first go, that them British may fill it again, d—n me."

"Don't swear," said the judge, "or I must fine you."

"Fine me?" repeated the fellow, with a grin.

"Ay, and that ye mought, and get plenty of money by it, I warrant ye,—ay, and a bullet to boot."

"Don't talk so fast, Samuel!" said the judge, sternly—"you won't make me afraid. If I hear you swearing again—I'll fine you."

The third personage seemed now willing to contribute his mite to the aggravators of the culprit's cause, when a dozen of voices exclaimed at once,—

"Fair play, Dick. You know as little, as the squire's cat. Ye was speechifying—and the last on the spot."

The sullen Dick looked like the dog in the fable, when his morsel was going; but he kept his peace.

The judge's countenance had gradually assumed that grave, or rather perplexed cast, to which a man is liable, who, accustomed to make his way slowly and steadily through his peaceful daily work, sees himself suddenly called upon, to decide a matter of much more importance than ever had previously come before him.

Though cases were of no rare occurrence, that passed from him to superior tribunals, and there had even been some hanging matters in the course of his magisterial career, yet there was in the individual before him, something that excited his attention, and prepossessed him in his favour.

It was not so much the Englishman's behaviour during the short time of his involuntary stay, for he had but little opportunity to develop his real character; but there was in him that well-bred air, that loftiness and ease, which startled our shrewd old justice, who had probably seen much of the world. The Englishman, he saw, was either really a gentleman, or a young man who by a

long disguise had acquired ease in assuming any character. Both species had come under the hands of the justice, in a country where the conflux of emigrants from all parts of the world, and every nation, had been so great within the preceding ten years.

His mind was just pondering, to which of these two classes the culprit before him was to be referred, when his eye fell on a parcel of papers, that lay beside the bottles.

"Just hand me them there papers, Joe," said ne to the first apprehendant; and putting a pair of spectacles over a sharp nose, he began to read. The first was a proclamation of the commanding general, in which he endeavoured to raise the spirit of his fellow citizens for the defence of the state, and ordered the militia to arm for the protection of the capital. The second was a proclamation of martial law, in the military district subject to his command. A third directed the attention of every citizen towards traitors, conspirators, and spies, who, according to this paper, infested the country, with the intention of betraying it to the invaders.

"Them two papers," said he, after a deliberating pause, apply to our present case.

"Let's hear them!" exclaimed a dezen of voices.

The justice began to read in that slow tone which betrayed, that he knew perhaps better how to handle an axe, than a volume of black letter.

"I reckon," said a voice from among the crowd, "that there stranger mought as well trouble himself a bit.—".

"I warrant you, he can handle them things," subjoined a dozen of others, impatient at the spelling of their squire.

The justice threw an interrogatory glance at the young man, which being returned in a satisfactory manner, he handed him the papers.

There was a little sensation produced among the auditors. They now looked at him with that sort of increased esteem, which a literate man is sure to obtain from the ignorant. When he had finished, a deep pause ensued.

"Young man," demanded the justice, with an open and encouraging glance.

"What have you to say in your defence?"

"According to these papers," replied the Englishman, in a modest but firm tone, "the martial law extends only to the district of the capital. How far are we from it?"

"Two hundred miles by water."

"Then I suppose this part of the country is not included in the mentioned district?"

"No!" said the justice, with an emphasis that showed his feelings were favourable to the Englishman.

"And the martial law that enjoins upon every American citizen, the apprehension of suspected persons, found within the lines of the district, does not extend to these parts?"

"I reckon not."

"Then you have certainly no right," continued the Englishman, encouraged by the placid countenance of the justice, "to take a traveller into your custody, whom a series of accidents has thrown into your way."

"Ay, but those accidents you must state and prove," returned the justice. "You know stories are easier to tell, than to prove. The law says, and them papers too, that every stranger, travelling within this state, is to be detained, unless he

can legitimate himself duly with a passport, subscribed by the proper authorities—it's well understood that's only as long as we are at war."

"Even if I had my passport, about me, it would not satisfy you, being signed by the English government, with whom you are at war."

"That is the very reason why you should be detained and committed to custody."

"But I am neither a soldier nor a sailor, and was on passage to Jamaica, when—"

"Well! go on."

"My ill star threw me on your shores."

"You have been shipwrecked?" demanded the judge, in a tone which indicated an affirmative answer.

"No, Sir; our vessel had been boarded by the pirates of Barataria, and we were taken prisoners by them."

There was a general stir among the crowd. The name of the pirate of Barataria, who had for so long a time infested the coast, and of whom so many extravagant stories were in circulation, excited a universal desire to hear a frightful tale, interlarded with some desperately fought battles.

"Let's hear something of them Frenchers!" cried a dozen voices.

"Keep your peace," said the justice, "we have no time to listen to stories. How did you escape from the pirate's strong hold?"

"I lowered myself down from the windows of my prison, by means of a blanket, which I cut to pieces, surmounted the walls of their fort, and reached the beach."

"And did you come from the Island of Barataria up this country?"

"No, said the Englishman, whose veracity

did not admit of any circumvention. I went into a yawl, and a strong south-easterly breeze bore me westwards."

"And how did you come by this Indian dress? You didn't get it from the pirates?"

"No, sir—"

"Well, where did you get it?"

The young man was silent.

"Well, speak your mind plainly, but let it be truth," said the justice, encouraging him.

"I have nothing more to tell you; how I came by the dress, remains a secret, and cannot be of any importance in the present case."

"Aye, and of the very first importance, young man," said the justice with a grave, and even stern expression. "Your story, may be a good enough one; but you are to answer a heavy charge, preferred against you by two men, and the commonwealth in general."

"And what is their charge?" demanded the Englishman proudly.

"That you are one of those emissaries, and spies, who are sent by your government, to its shame be it spoken, to excite the savages, who live within the pale of our laws, and jurisdiction, to deeds of bloodshed, and massacre, against poor helpless families."

The young man cast a haughty, indignant glance at the justice, and the two plaintiffs, who stood before him; but, the charge was so unexpected, and his real danger stared him now so frightfully in the face, that he could not find words for a long while. He was prepared to be detained, and questioned, perhaps even to be sent down to the city; but, he was ignorant that an expedition had been fitted out to attack the very place which he was bound to. Above all, he had

never heard any thing respecting the relations in which his government stood to the Indians, and that his proud countrymen, had so far forgotten their standing as to avail themselves of these poor wretches. The more degrading, and really scandalous such a reproach, if true, must have been to him, the greater his momentary confusion.

"It is a downright lie!" he was near exclaiming.

"Stop!" cried the judge, who had attentively read the countenance of the youth, and seemed afraid lest an unguarded word might involve him in a quarrel with his powerful antagonists, which he foresaw would be the immediate consequence.

"I han't no notion of seeing my house turned into a battle ground. If you can give satisfactory proofs how you came by your dress, and that you are not guilty of the charge brought against you, it is well for you. If not I must arrest you, and send you down to head quarters.

"You know your duty," said the Englishman.

A long pause followed.

"Perhaps," resumed the justice, "you have procured the Indian dress from one of them red skins, that are still lurking in our forests. Can you tell us where?"

"I cannot tell you that," said the youth. "It would be easy for me to tell you an untruth. But that shall never be. Rest assured, however, that I am neither an emissary, nor a spy."

The judge, cast a desponding glance at the young man, whose honesty evaded his suggested though obvious hint.

"Then I must send you down," added he.

"I desire it," said the youth, who expected,

that it would be much easier to clear himself from such a suspicion before men, who from their higher standing would be more competent to appreciate his character, than these backwoodsmen. The vicinity of the English camp itself, among whose officers he was sure to have some acquaintances, might perhaps contribute to loosen the gordian knot, and he hoped to find, even in the city, some Englishman who being acquainted with his family, would give the necessary security.

"D—n," said that one of the captors whose tongue was the heaviest, "let'm go! A spy more or less, won't make no difference; let'm red skins come, we'll fight'm and 'm British too." There was a sympathizing stir amongst the crowd, but the greater part observed a sullen silence.

"That you might have done, as long as he was in your hands," said the justice in a low tone, "and before you brought your charges before me; now it is too late."

"Ay, to be sure," echoed twenty voices.

"Ay, and the proclamation says, that every man should apprehend and catch'm spies. Gloom!" said the justice to the ill-willed orator, "I reckon, we ain't worse men than you are, but hang me if I should have talked so much, as you did, to catch as fine a lad, as ever trod in his own shoes. You had better mind your business. Young man," said he turning to the Englishman, "I must go according to the law. I am sorry for you. It is severe, for a free country, and I am afraid them gentlemen down the river are still more so, but they know their own business, and we are at war. Your countrymen, however, have deserved it, and the bloody deeds to which

they have instigated the brave Tecumseh, and the Creeks, justify our watching. Whether you are a soldier or an emissary, will be found out. You've not infringed our peace, true enough, but may be, you have broken the peace of the country, and therefore I must deliver you up to a higher tribunal."

There was in the whole proceeding of the justice, and even of the surrounding crowd, notwithstanding the evident indications of simple rusticity, a manliness, a straight-forward, downright plainness, that seemed even not ashamed to lay open its own defects, which caused a tremulous feeling gradually to creep over our young man, who had hitherto presented a firmness, that would scarcely have been expected. He had looked for nothing else, than a petulant and arrogant questioning, mobbish language and pelting, and a vulgar show of superiority towards dreaded enemies. He could not even help smiling, at the naiveté, with which they solicited his assistance, in the interpretation of the proclamation. But the order, the steadfast republican sternness, and grave formality with which every thing was transacted, the patience with which the motley crowd listened to the long proclamation, and the active interest, that every one took in the public concern, as if it were that of his own family, could not fail to produce a corresponding effect upon our observing Englishman, who began to perceive that his prospects, depending as they were on a people of this cast, were far from being flattering.

The justice spoke to some of the men, respecting the secure lodgment of the captive. The sheriff and the constable were absent, and the jail was broken open; the last prisoner, a negro

slave, having forced the door and escaped into the woods. As the necessary mechanics were not at hand, the confinement of the prisoner caused some consultation. The justice ended the discussion, by saying, that he would consider about those things, and tell them afterwards; and the crowd then separated.

Again the noise arose, and in a few minutes the little town was literally in an uproar. An old drum, procured, heaven knows where, was struck with a force that shook the very windows, and was accompanied by a fife, playing Yankee Doodle in tunes as shrill, and distinct as can be imagined. Then followed the usual firings at random, and patch-work lines and manœuvres up and down the street.

"And do you really think, that this unfounded suspicion may prove of a serious nature?" demanded the Englishman, when he saw himself alone with the magistrate, who began to write the evidence of the case, in characters as legible as those we find on the street corners.

"At such a time nothing is unfounded, that may inflict a wound on ourselves or on the pride of our enemies," returned the justice. "I tell ye young man, that unless you can prove in what manner you have been forced into your disguise—you are a dead man.

"Hold your jaw, woman," said he, turning to his wife, who stood with a pitying glance at his side; muttering now and then a word into his ear. "These pranks of your's won't do here—you know what Mr. Gentillon told me. Devil!" muttered he, "if they have done that with that man, what would they do with a poor country squire? No, no," continued he, after a thoughtful pause, "I thought—but there are too

many gloomy fears—and the proclamations have done their work. No, no—you must rely on your own good conscience, and on the great master. But," added he, after a pause; during which he put ten times his pen on the paper, and gave up the task again as often—"there, I have to make out the evidence of your apprehension, just for nothing, and hang me," throwing the paper aside, "if I can find words to fill that scrap. Though I expect them great men down will pay but little attention to the scribbling of an old country squire. No, I hain't no notion they'll do that, they are a sort of quick, short-handed, ready fellows they are, who, in their military pride, care devil a bit for a poor magistrate. But, mayhap they would. Young man, you are a true and honest lad, I warrant me. You have time, just sit down, there is paper and ink, and you may write what you think proper, and I'll sign it, and put my name with the crosses of the two captors duly under. Mayhap they mought read it—just sit down, lad."

There was something, after all, extremely ludicrous in this to our Englishman. He had become his own defendant, attorney, and now clerk too. Without a moment's hesitation, however, he prepared himself for executing the demand of the honest justice, who was stepping out to look after the doings of his countrymen. He took the stump of the miserable pen, trying with his best efforts to write with it—but it was impossible.

"With that there thing, you cannot write, man," said the wife of the squire, laying a wing of a wild goose on the table; "there you'll find plenty of quills."

She had already passed the meridian of life, but was still a healthy and even a buxom-looking woman.

"But what, for heaven's sake, has brought you," continued she, "to Opelousas, when you must have known that our people were gathering from all ends of the parish? Why didn't you wait till night? We could then have done something for you. Mr. Gentillon is not far, and we mought have sent you there. He is as fine a gentleman as lives on the banks of the Mississippi. But now all is over—they'll hang you; you may be sure of that."

The prospect was not very consolitary. But the youth listened with interest to the effusions of the good old dame.

"Perhaps," continued she, "you mought still get up there. We'll try it."

"Woman!" muttered the squire, putting his head through the door, "none of your pranks—I tell you."

"Never mind him, and just put down what you please," said she, jogging after her husband into the street.

The Englishman now commenced writing his own commitment. He did it in a short precise style, and with that candour which was natural to him, and it was finished in less than a quarter of an hour.

"Halloo!" said the returning squire, "they are fighting again. We must be quick, or they won't be able to put their marks under. Have you done, man?"

Arthur handed him the paper.

"Aye, and as nice as ever came from a goose quill. Well, old woman, go call them two men, and such as choose to come."

The summons of the woman, was answered by the irruption of the whole crowd of white men.

The justice read the evidence, signed the paper, and laid it before the two captors.

"Aye, that's none of your hand-writing," roared Mr. Dick Gloom, the stump orator.

"And if it ain't, have you any thing to say against it," returned the judge. "This lad has caused me more trouble than a dozen of blackguards, and I reckon, it is but just, he should have a little of it himself."

"Aye, and so it is," said the rest of the men. "It is as plain and as true, as though it had been written by the squire himself."

"Aye," said one of the by-standers, "as you are so ready a hand at the quill, you may as well have a little job, and so just put them there names on that thin bit of paper," tearing a scrap of paper from the quire which lay on the table, and holding it with both hands on the table. "Put here man," said he, "ex-squire—below Joe Drum—and Elias Shad."

"Well," said the laughing squire, "there you have at once plenty of business, and I'll warrant they will very soon find out how to employ you."

"Ay, and so we will," said twenty of them, every one tearing off a piece of paper, after having before demanded permission with a knowing nod—and approaching the youth in their turn.

"This is an election," said the Englishman, smiling, "if I am not mistaken."

"Ay, so it is—write down, man."

"Ay, and he shan't do it for nothing," said one of the backwoodsmen, who elbowed himself out of the room, and soon came back, with a bottle filled with liquor.

"This is a vote," said the Englishman, smiling, "if I am not mistaken."

"Ay, so it is—write down, man."

"Stop, men," cried the one who had returned with the bottle. "Let 'm take a dram first—your health," said he, raising the tumbler, and drinking three-fourths of its contents himself—"drink, man."

"Much obliged to you," returned the laughing Englishman.

"Ay, it is genuine Mississippi rum—should have plenty, but for them Britishers."

The Englishman continued writing. The business went on without interruption, each of the men waiting patiently till the one before him had been despatched. When he had written about a hundred votes, the crowd became thinner, and at last he was again left alone.

CHAPTER III.

Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the rood.

SHAKSPEARE.

"WELL, lad! I am glad of it, for your sake," said the squire, who had returned from the street; "they have made me their captain, and mayhap, I shall be able to do something for you. But they are fighting again," added he, turning to his wife. "That devil Dick cannot bear his defeat."

"What's the matter?" demanded she, in a tone that showed she felt herself fully entitled to take part in every transaction.

"Ay, that there fellow wanted the captaincy, and I know they bear him a grudge; he is as sour as a lime. Devil knows what bargain he had—and they are just saucing him in red brine."

"Won't hurt him," said the old woman, with much equanimity.

"But let's have dinner, old woman, and a bottle of old Monongahela. Sit down, lad, and don't make yourself uneasy—I've been myself in many such scrapes, and in one, when I could never have thought to escape with a whole skin. God bless him—a true Indian he was, though a terror to the poor people beyond the Ohio, but as noble a red skin as ever roamed the woods.—Little thought I, to see another day, but just

when the sharp knife was running round my head, you may still see the mark of it," said he, pointing to a red streak round the crown of his gray head—"then came Tecumseh, and took me under his protection. I shall never forget that noble fellow, nor will them of my countrymen that he delivered. A brave and noble warrior he was; none of your skulking cowardly red skins, who are lurking in our woods, and shooting away our game for a dram of whiskey."

"Aye, and that dry fellow," interlarded the wife of the squire, putting a roasted wild goose, with sundry other dishes on the table—"what d'ye call him?"

"Tokeah, the miko of the Oconees? Let me alone with him," replied the squire.

"You know," said the Englishman, with a suddenness and vehemence that startled his hosts, but repossessing himself, he added in a cooler tone—"a good many things about the Indians?"

"That we do," returned the justice, casting a shrewd glance at the pseudo-Indian—"but nothing about Tokeah for many years. It is as if he had been swallowed by the sea. Not a trace is left of him."

"Ay, and poor Rosa," said his wife.

"Rosa!" exclaimed the youth, forgetting himself a second time.

The squire and his wife exchanged significant glances, but without speaking a word, they sat down to dinner.

"I wonder only," said the woman, carving the goose, "what has become of that pretty child. I shall never forget that night as long as I live."

"D—n him," said the justice, forgetting his injunction to Samuel, "I wish he were at the

devil, and though I care little for the red skins, that fellow made my blood chilly as often as I saw him. Ay, and he was just every where and no where. No; I shouldn't like to have him within a couple of hundred miles."

"You have then experienced some hard adventures, and know doubtless how one must feel, who sees himself torn from the side of his friends and relations?" said the youth, doubtless with the intention of sounding the judge, whose attention, if not suspicion, he saw was excited by his unguarded emotion.

The justice cast a scrutinizing glance from his plate, or rather wing of the goose, on the man.

"And do your laws absolutely enjoin you, to send a poor harmless traveller to head-quarters under so slight an imputation?" continued he.

The justice cast a second glance at the speaker.

"I don't know whether we are obliged," said he, after a pause. "The martial law don't stretch so far—and as for generals and military, we care just as much about them as for any other men. No, no, I don't like them martial laws—Mr. Gentillon, has told me a good many things, which I should wish, for the good of my bright young country, had never happened, but he is a Frencher, and looks with a French eye. But still there must be something in it."

"Justice!" said the youth, turning alternately to him and to his rifle, "I am rich. If a thousand, if two thousand pounds are not sufficient, I will double that sum; it is of the greatest importance to me to reach home as soon as possible."

The justice paused as if to give him time for further explanation. "Young man!" said he,

and his countenance assumed a grave expression—"young man," repeated he, "I have been, as I have told you, in similar scrapes, and have seen a good deal of the world; but all your English gold, and if you offered ten hundred times as much, couldn't bring about what you mean, even if things had not gone so far. You see before you a magistrate, and a captain. If I can do any thing for you, I'll do it without a bribe. I know how you now feel, I was myself, thong-bound with my wife, and my children. Little do I want your gold, nor do my children—eight of them are married, and must look out for themselves, and them two girls have their stout arms that must make them a living, and something besides. I forgive you your bribe. I know I would have offered all I was worth, when the knife of that damnable red skin passed round my scalp. But that's another case. Then again do you think that your escape would ever be possible? Young man, I see ye know little of these states—you are from a country, where the people seldom act, unless they are bidden; where they dare not do any thing for the good of their country, for fear his majesty and the hundreds and thousands of lesser tyrants would be displeased. I remember such things, when Louisiana was still in the hands of the Spaniards, and when I boated down the Mississippi to New Orleans. What a poor life them fellows had of it! And we could not even approach the banks of the river, unless boarded by a dozen blackguards, in shabby ragged uniforms, soldiers and officers of the Douane, as they were called: they came up with their hands open like so many beggars. We couldn't sell a pig with-

out silvering them; even when we landed, heavens! what a watching and spying there was. They looked upon us Americans as on so many devils. And after all, there was cheating, and robbing, and dirking, and poverty and slavery—devil take such a life—no one dared to lift his hand, unless permitted by the governor and his helpmates; and every day you might hear of murders and stabbings. Ay, I know something of them countries, but here is another thing. Here the people are the sovereigns; ay, and as good ones, I warrant ye, as them of the old country, and better too, because they cost nothing. Look here," said he, rising from the table, and opening the door, as if intending to look at the surrounding crowd—a man with a rifle on his arm stood before the entrance. The justice gazed for a while at the multitude, and shut the door again.

"Look here," said he, taking the Englishman's hand, and leading him to the window that opened out on the jail. A couple of men were working with such tools as the hurry of the day had thrown into their way.

"Look!" said he, "them men are going to repair the jail, in order to receive its new inmate, that's you—no one has bidden them to do it; nor that fellow who stands at the back door of my house with a loaded rifle—it is their own doing. But you shan't go to the jail, my woman has her own notions, and I must follow her, or there will be trouble in the house. You are no jail bird—your face don't look so. You shall stay with squire Copeland. But, to return to our states again. Ye'll find it the same through the Union, if you travel thousands of miles in

these United States; they'll not wait for orders, but they'll just do such things unbidden, which they think necessary for the common weal and safety of their country. The fact is, you can scarcely feel that there is a government amongst us; you won't see any of them gold-laced task masters amongst us; ye are not aware that we have a government. You are your own master, and may do as ye please in a country where we govern ourselves; ay, and well too. Let yourself be betrayed into a foolish action, and ye'll find that the law will set as tightly upon ye, ay, and more so, than in the most tyrannical country. But else you have no master, you are your own master. Do you understand my meaning?" demanded he, a little embarrassed in his fervour to lay the state of things in his country, as clearly as possible, before the youth. "That comes from a country where every one takes an interest in public affairs, and in the public welfare, and just as much as he should, and that's the very thing. Now you may perhaps think your countrymen will have an easy game—but I tell you, you are mistaken; let the British come, and I warrant ye—I won't say we'll beat them, no, I won't say that, though all our men say so; but I tell you, man, they'll find us ready to receive them, though there be not a single cocked hat amongst us."

The report of rifles had been heard all the time in quick succession.

"They are shooting at a mark," said the justice, "and if ye'll just step with me to the door, ye may see them. Look there!" said he, opening the door. A target was stuck up on the margin of the river; and the men shot from the middle of the street.

"There you may stand for hours, or the whole

day, and ye'll find scarcely ten shots out of a hundred which have missed the ring, and none which have missed the target. The distance is, as you see, full a hundred and fifty yards. Ho! my lad," added he, shutting the door, "escape wouldn't do—you would have the whole pack, like so many blood-hounds, at your heels; and, like them, they would scent your trail, and hunt you through the swamps, though it were to the banks of the Sabine. But come, lad, don't be downcast; make a hearty dinner, and then take a nap for a couple of hours, and then a bit of a ride with me to Mr. Gentillon's. You shan't stay over night here—no, nor shall you enter the jail. Mr. Gentillon will lodge you safely. There you are secure, and may be he'll do more for you than poor squire Copeland; don't be bashful, lad; don't lose your spirits. There are many ups and downs—I have had them myself, and my skin is still whole, as you see. Now, old woman, cheer up that there lad."

The good humour of the loquacious squire, who, as my readers will have perceived, was the very captain Copeland with whom our acquaintance commenced fourteen years previously, had evidently been heightened by his election, and our young man felt every reason to congratulate himself. He had during the long speech gradually resumed his composure; and though he could not but feel the awkwardness of his situation, yet there was a novelty in the characters and the scenes around, that contributed at least to keep up his spirits. There was something even pleasing to our Englishman, in that rough and tough familiarity of the backwoodsman. It was neither the saucy impertinence of a servant, nor the arrogance of an upstart mechanic, or tradesman: it

was the hearty, blunt roughness of a free man, somewhat exaggerated, as might be expected from a backwoodsman, but not offensive nor disgusting, because it rested on a feeling of equality.

"Well, I've settled matters with them men of ours," said the squire, who again strode into the room." My people come after me to-morrow, and we'll stay at Mr. Gentillon's. I should have liked to send that fellow down before or after us, but we must take him along. He is afraid lest you should escape."

"You may be sure, that it is not my intention," replied the Englishman, who had but seldom an opportunity of edging a short answer, between the inexhaustible sentences of the justice.

"It would be impossible, I warrant ye."

"But come now, lad, and lie down for a couple of hours, and rest yourself. We'll start at midnight. It would be more pleasant to ride in the morning, but I've my reasons."

So saying, he took our Englishman up stairs into a sort of garret, and, pointing to a bed with moscheto bars, he said, "Make yourself at home. Don't mind them girls," nodding towards an empty bed that stood close by: "they'll have a little chat before they fall a snoring."

"But," said the Englishman, "who is to occupy this bed?"

"My girls," replied the squire.

"But——" returned the former, again.

"Never mind them, lad; they won't bite you. Don't you make a mistake—they'll lie quietly, I warrant ye."

"No, no," said the Englishman, laughing aloud, at the thought of sleeping in a bed, not much more than a foot distant from one, which was to receive two bouncing girls.

When the squire came to wake him, the village was still alive. From the tavern resounded the shrill discordant tones of an old fiddle, played by an invalid negro, and the firing had not yet ceased.

"Come, lad, said the squire, "things are ready, and take your farewell of the old woman, and mind what she says."

"Well, boy," said the hearty old dame, hanging a blanket round his shoulders, and putting a fur cap on his head, and handing him a pair of thick shoes and woollen stockings.

"Put on them things, and when you come to Mr. Gentillon's, just speak your mind plainly to them stylish quality folks, and don't be bashful—though they are rich, yet they are no better than you are. There is that in you, that tells me you cannot be what them fools take you for."

"Softly, woman," said the husband, who, probably afraid of some more compliments, opened the door, and, shoving his guest softly out of the room, concluded the dialogue.

"And do you really intend jading your beast?" bellowed Dick Gloom. "He had a hard trip the day before yesterday."

"Had he?" demanded the squire, drily; "then he shall have it again to-day."

The Toms, and Isaacs, and Sams, and Dicks, and Bens, and Harrys, came now striding and staggering towards our three cavaliers, with their pint glasses filled, to bid farewell to their captain; each endeavouring to show his rough courtesy in the best possible manner. The squire and his charge, at length elbowing their way through the swarm of cronies, jumped into the ferry boat.

"Well, well, boys!" cried he, "keep some of your fips and levies for down below."

"No need of that!" roared a dozen voices.

"There they go," said he, "when they were with their horses in the ferry boat, that was to convey them across the Atchafalaga, "just as if there wouldn't be an end of their money—Tough as hickory, and cross as bears, but stout fellows at the bottom! And rough as you see them," added he, turning to our Englishman. "Let ten years pass over, and they'll be as fine gentlemen as you ever saw in your life. You should have seen them fellows about three years ago, when I first came into the country. Hang me if they were not worse than real Indians, but a little trade and some property, that most of them have gathered, has made them more tractable. To be sure," said he, interrupting himself in his soliloquy, "they are just like fermenting cider, there is mean stuff on the surface, it ain't prime cotton yet, but wait ten years, and then come lad, and ye shall see what we are. Look, just at that there little town, with its fifteen little houses." It had only twelve; but our squire, though a true man in every respect, had the besetting sin of adding a little, in matters where the honour of his country was concerned. "Look at it," said he, "in ten years, and if there ain't a hundred as snug, and good-looking brick buildings, as the best in the United States—call me no prophet! but a liar."

They had now reached the opposite bank of the Atchafalaga, and mounted their horses.

"Well, boy," said our squire, turning to Dick, "that's horsemanship!" pointing at the Englishman. "Look at that there lad! I saw it he could ride a beast. No fear of jading it!"

Farther conversation was now cut short by the

narrow path, which they had to enter. Arthur expected, with every turn of the narrow and scarcely perceptible path, to see the plantation of Mr. Gentillon. But there was no sign of any thing like cultivation.

"How far do you call it, properly speaking?" demanded he of the justice, who rode before him, now lighting his tenth cigar.

"Well! I reckon about forty miles."

"Forty miles!" continued the Englishman, "and you call that a small trip?"

"With us here," returned the squire, "it is nothing more. But we are now in the alligator swamps, and here we'll give these beasts a little rest and corn, and then go on. Come, get down, lad."

The young man sprang from his horse.

"Softly, lad; don't take a wrong leap, or you may sink into the mud."

So saying, he loosened his saddle bag, on the one side of which was his wardrobe, in the other food for his two horses; and pouring the maize on the ground, he distributed his garments equally in the saddle bags.

"And now mind what I am going to tell ye. I am in a hurry to bring you to Mr. Gentillon's. If there is one who can do something for you, it is him. D—n that fellow!" muttered he, casting a side glance at Dick Gloom; "he is lurking and skulking like a red skin.

"Please to go on, sir," said the Englishman.

"Keep your tongue, lad," muttered the squire.

There was something that savoured of unnecessary caution, or rather fear, in the manner of the squire, which seemed a little strange, to the Englishman. He had, however, seen so much

good sense, and honest shrewdness, that he acquiesced in silence at the measures of the magistrate.

"Well," said Squire Copeland, after a pause of half an hour, owing to the presence of the disagreeable Mr. Dick—"let's sit up again—but take my mare now. She has trodden that narrow swamp more than twenty times. Your steed is too wild, and a false step might drown you as easily as a mouse."

The precaution was not superfluous. The path that led through the swamp was indeed so narrow, that a man at broad daylight might have found it extremely difficult to pass over. On both sides of the scarcely discernible streak of road, a thin light grass was visible, that grew on the surface of the bottomless mire.

"That there swamp will make, in fifty years, a cotton plantation, may be a sugar plantation, as good as the best in the country," said the squire, whose thoughts could not, even in the midst of a dangerous passage, be averted from the bright prospects of his country. "Keep close, lad, and hold your reins loosely, she knows her way, the ground is treacherous. I tell you, lad, that's a bottom. Your bottoms in Georgia are nothing to it. Keep more to the right, lad. Aye, that's the road."

They passed the narrow defile in silence—the frosty night had chilled the inhabitants of the swamps, and nothing was heard except the snorting of their horses. When they had reached the other side of the swamp, that extended several miles toward the main river, the golden streaks in the east announced the dawn.

"We have done well," said the old man in

high glee; "in an hour we are on the main river; now we'll let our horses go."

The old man and sullen Dick now set themselves in motion—their arms hovering in the air not unlike the wings of a goose, when leaving a pond. With the rising sun they reached the banks of the Mississippi. It was a magnificent sight. The sun was just emerging from behind the eastern cypress wood, that separated the swamps from the banks, and the dark green foliage of the sombre evergreens, illumined by the golden rays of the clear serene morning, tinted the whole landscape with a bright radiance. As they rode up the swelling crest of the Mississippi, it appeared itself, rolling its muddy waters down in turbid majesty, and though smooth to the eye, yet with such a velocity, that the rushing of the current might be distinctly heard.

Arthur gazed in silent surprise.

"That's such a river, as you can hardly show in the old country," began the squire, again looking proudly at the stream. "Aye, it carries gold with it. I don't mean as them fools thought, who came down to scrape the silver dollars together, like so many pebbles. But you understand me."

Arthur nodded, without interrupting him in his effusions, which, though they savoured rather of ultra patriotism in the delineation of the bright prospects of his country, bespoke notwithstanding sound sense and shrewd judgment.

"Where do you think my nag comes from?" pointing to his horse, which, to tell the truth, was a well-formed animal; "but stop, and we'll change beasts—you are so much lighter, and I dare say so much better a horseman, and I

should'nt like to jade him: I reckon the senator has a *mind* to bargain—well, I don't care, but I *will* never take less than two hundred dollars, d—n if I do."

The old man dismounted, and so did Arthur: when they again rode abreast, the former resumed his favourite topic.

"Well, lad, where do you think that there horse came from?"

The Englishman, who now began gradually to chime in with the old man's humour, replied—

"You have so many important places, cities, and towns—I dare say it came from one of your great nurseries."

"Ay, and so we have, lad!" said the squire, with a complacent nod; "well, that there horse came from Virginia, that is from Wheeling, and mayhap, a couple of hundred miles above Wheeling—say more than fifteen hundred miles; and do ye know how?—look just at that there black, ugly thing,"—pointing at a large speck, that loomed at a great distance in the stream. The youth strained his eyes, without being able to make out the object.

"Well, that there thing yonder, is what we call a flat boat, and an ungainly thing it is, to tell the truth; but you may find in them log vessels, horses, cows, flour, and almost any thing. Well, in such a vessel as you see floating there, that nag came down—I bought him for sixty dollars, Kentucky money, that's thirty dollars in cash; he was stiff, it is true, but hang me if our prairies did'nt set him straight, in a couple of months. Well, lad, ain't that a golden river? And you may go up the Mississippi for thousands of miles, which way you please, north, east, west;

you may go up the Arkansas two thousand, and the Ohio two thousand miles. A golden stream, I tell ye," exclaimed the enraptured old squire, "and rich it will make us as—what do you call that king of yours?"

"George the third!"

"No, not him—it must be his father."

"George the second?"

"Well, then, it must be his grandfather."

"You mean Crœsus," said Arthur.

"Ay, that's the very man. Well, rich as that king of yours."

They trotted briskly along the margin of the river, on which, here and there, some huge arks were seen, floating slowly down the stream. A vast cotton tree now lay across their road.

"There, boy," exclaimed the sullen Mr. Dick, who had during the whole ride been a silent and disagreeable companion; "you may prove whether you have ever cleared a fence in your life."

"Never mind the madcap," said the squire, turning at the same time soberly into the cotton field, from which the fence was broken down.

The youth remained a few paces behind, and without deigning to reply to his challenge, he gave his horse the rein, and was again at the side of the old man.

"How the devil did you come that way, you hav'nt cleared that there tree?" exclaimed the old man, with astonishment: "aye, and so you have, hang me if I ever thought that my nag could make such capers; well, that'll raise him twenty dollars."

The speculative old gentleman was interrupted by the roaring of Mr. Dick, who, double-jointed and broad-shouldered as he was, just hung on a

dry limb of the cotton tree, his feet dangling above the water's edge; his pride had prompted him to attempt the same leap, but owing to his horse being less nimble, or the rider more awkward, he lost the saddle, and rolling down the smooth barked tree, he was in imminent danger of tumbling into the stream.

Arthur threw himself from his horse, cast the reins to the squire, and running up to the disagreeable fellow, threw himself on the ground, stretching both of his hands to catch hold of his feet; the squire had, in the meanwhile, come upon the other side, and seizing him by his black shaggy hair, both drew him on the trunk; they then shoved him higher up, and seizing him once more, one by the feet, and the other by the hair, both hauled him over the trunk to the turf, like an inanimate log.

The fellow raised his head, as he still lay on the ground, doubtless but little pleased with the unceremonious method of his deliverance; and darted glances at his companions, in which shame and rage were ludicrously mingled.

"Stand up, and get a fence rail," said the old squire, without paying the slightest attention to Dick's sour faces.

The fellow reared himself slowly up.

"Be quick, or your nag will be strained, and you may ride an old cow the next time."

They shoved the rail beneath the animal, and lifted it up. Dick looked alternately at his horse that stood trembling on its limbs, and at his high-crowned hat, borne down by the swift current, already at a great distance, and scratching his head, he muttered—

"D—n him! Would he was already hanged!"

"Dick," said the squire, in a tone tremulous

with anger, "thou art the most ungrateful beast, of any man living! Without that there lad, thou wouldst be now three hundred foot from dry land, and thy carcase food for fishes; now look, lad, that there fellow would do any thing to hurt you, just because you don't talk to him; he is as sullen as a bear, and as treacherous as a red skin; but still, we want him, and may be he could do some harm. Just talk to him, and try, at any rate, to be on good terms with him."

But there was something stubborn in the nature of our Englishman, that made it impossible.

The fellow, was in truth, so disagreeable, and his gray eye looked so sinister, from behind his shaggy eyebrows, under which his huge square jaws, always partially open, showed a row of tusks, not unlike those of a boar, that the Englishman turned away in disgust, as often as he chanced to observe him.

"He is overseer at Mr. Gentillon's," whispered the old man, "and he has bought a parcel of land in Opelousas,—that's the reason why he canvassed. He sparks after our Kate; I wonder how she can like him."

The Englishman almost laughed aloud.

"I brought him from Georgia; hang me, if I don't rue it as often as I look at him. He is one of them miscreants that fill the country with their fightings and gougings—then for the evil deeds of a few, the whole country comes to shame. Such fellows as he have done more to make the creoles averse to the union, than any thing besides. But we are already half an hour on the lands of Mr. Gentillon—look at them bottoms, lad!" pointing to cotton and rice fields, that extended for some miles along the bank of the river. "We'll soon see him. Look! that planta-

tion, with a couple of hundred blacks, belongs to him. Captain Copeland could raise as fine a company of wool-heads, as the best on the ground. Well, he ain't quite as he mought be, and he still sticks a little too much to the great nation, as he calls them dancing and fooling Frenchers—and to his Bony. But hang me! if he ain't as true a man, and has more real blood in him, than would swim a horse."

They now entered a cluster of trees, which, having passed, they found themselves before the gate of the planter's seat.

CHAPTER IV.

There comes the Briton—let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with a gentleman of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE mansion of the planter, was a frame house of large dimensions, painted white, and buried under a cluster of cotton and fig trees; it was two stories high, with a low broad roof in the old Spanish style. The house rested on pillars, and its first appearance bespoke the plain, comfortable dwelling of a wealthy southern planter. An avenue of fig and orange trees, led to a handsome piazza, enclosed on every side with Venitian blinds. Behind the house, stood a smaller one, from which ran between thirty and forty log cabins, forming a sort of a village. They were inhabited by the black population.

There was great activity in the cotton gin, a large building that stood on the right side, a little behind the second house—and the long-drawn melancholy cadences that resounded from it, were heard afar.

"Keep your seat," said the squire, who had dismounted in the court yard before the piazza, and delivered his horse into the hands of a negro, with the injunction to take proper care of it; after which, he stalked gravely up the stairs of the piazza.

"Come, boy!" said the overseer, throwing his rein to the black, and pointing towards one

of the log cabins, whose iron grated windows bespoke it to be the jail of the black community.

The Englishman turned the head of his horse, without giving any answer.

"Don't you hear, boy? Come!" repeated the fellow, seizing the bridle of Arthur's horse, and leading it towards the cabin.

The Englishman was going to raise his whip, when a couple of pretty black eyes that sparkled behind the Venitian blinds, made it fall again. Throwing himself lightly from the horse, he turned his back on the malignant fellow, just as the planter, with the squire, appeared at the door. Dick cast another sullen look at the Englishman, and then withdrew like a dog caught in a nefarious expedition.

"There, senator, I bring you as nice a lad as ever trod on Mississippi ground," said the squire, taking the hand of the youth, and leading him towards the planter. "It is really a pity that he is one of them British."

"Mais c'est un compliment, que d'etre un Anglois. J'en suis bien sure, qu'il n y a pas une nation qu' auroit plus—" he paused, as if to ascertain whether the subject before him, deserved the encomiums he was just going to pronounce.

"Votre trés humble serviteur," returned the young Englishman; "mais dans mons cas—"

"Damn your Vous, and Ouis!" interrupted the old squire, whose wry face during the short conversation, betrayed a droll impatience; "both of them speak as plain an English tongue, as the best speaker in the house, and yet there must be their French Ouis."

"Monsieur, vous êtes bien venu," said the creole, stretching out his hand with that engaging cordiality, which the French know so charming-

ly how to display, whenever they hear the sounds of their own language.

The two gentlemen, preceded by the planter, entered by a corridor, into the parlour, from which a number of simple but elegant apartments ran round the house. The saloon was matted and painted. On the walls hung engravings of Washington and Bonaparte—the latter from David's celebrated painting. The battles of Arcola, Novi, the Pyramids, and Marengo, which likewise decorated the room, showed that the first consul was a favourite with our planter. None, however, of the great battles fought subsequently to his elevation to the French imperial throne, were to be seen. The pianoforte, sideboard, ottoman, and chairs were elegant, and even costly. The whole furniture and appearance betrayed the man himself, as is generally more or less the case. The planter was a well-formed and still handsome man, with a pale interesting countenance, a fine black eye, and hair and whiskers of the same colour: the latter, however, were tinged with gray, which bespoke that he had passed the prime of life, and might perhaps have seen forty-five years. A certain languor, doubtless the effect of an enervating clime and noxious exhalations, made him look ten years older.

The contrast was ludicrous, between the slow, measured farmer-like, justice of the peace, as he stood in his leather riding-dress, leggings, and shoes with one spur, a great-coat, a low-crowned hat, accompanying each word with a deliberate but very decided gesticulation, and the rather lively creole, who, though at home, was dressed with as much care as if expecting some visiters of the first rank. The old squire seemed to be more at home than the creole himself. He placed his loaded

horsewhip on the mahogany pianoforte, and his manifold cornered hat with a pair of woollen gloves on the sideboard, and his green leggings found a place on one of the chairs; and having thus disposed of his moveables, he seated himself quite comfortably on a second, and taking a piece of an old comb from the pocket of his nether garments, he began to bring his shaggy hair into order. The planter, accustomed to the freedom of his toiletting guest, with whom he seemed to be on perfectly good terms, was looking at our Indian Englishman with a mien that was both flattering and encouraging.

"Sir," said he, after a while, "whatever may be your case, my house is completely at your command, and I wish you may make yourself at home."

The youth replied by a grateful bow, and in a tone, which alone would have been sufficient to convince the creole of his real standing. "Your gentlemanly confidence places me under an obligation, which I cannot but feel more deeply, as every appearance is so much against me."

"Really sir," said the planter, "I must confess, that your personal appearance contrasts strangely, with the lines which nature has stamped so indelibly on the face of every gentleman; I should be glad, indeed, if our Indians were of the same mould, they would spare us many troubles. But this can soon be altered—my son is about your size, and I have no doubt you will find something in his wardrobe that will fit you."

"But," interrupted the squire, whose judicial scruples did not quite agree with the intended metamorphosis of the Englishman, whom, notwithstanding a strong prepossession in his favour,

he wished to deliver as he found him, "perhaps them there clothes will he necessary for further evidence?"

"Never mind, my good squire," said the creole, with a good-humoured smile, "a senator of the state may be allowed to have quite as much penetration, as even a general himself, especially on points where even our property and safety are concerned, and you know the Gentillons would have as much to lose, as any family in Louisiana."

"Ay, ay, to be sure," hummed the squire, with a concurring nod:—"them British would make clean work among your cotton bales; and you have a good many of them—a stock of three years."

"Yes, about three thousand," returned the senator, who, with a slight bow to Arthur, led the way out of the saloon.

"There they go," muttered the old man, shaking his head; "there is no talk with them Frenchers; they are fire and flame; instead of feeling the pulse of that there lad, and talking reasonably with a person arraigned and brought before a justice of the peace, and charged with high misdemeanour—he is already hand and glove with him. Well! well! I have no objection—and after all, hang me, if he ain't one who knows what is what; the devil himself could not look so much like a real gentleman as he does. And he ain't no more than twenty years old, I warrant me. He would be the first who ever cheated Squire Copeland."

"A good old man!" said the senator, when they were out of hearing of the justiee of the peace. They ascended a flight of stairs into the second story, and entered an appartment. Both took seats on the sofa.

"I am far from intruding myself upon your confidence, but if I can be of any service to you, I shall feel the greatest pleasure," said the senator, who had again resumed the French language.

"I should be ungrateful indeed, were I to refuse so kind an offer. I accept of the generous intercession and assistance of Mr. Gentillon, the more readily, as my case may turn out a really disagreeable affair, though I hope not quite so dangerous as Squire Copeland seems to dread."

"Sir," replied the senator, shaking his head seriously, and assuming a much more grave expression, than he had hitherto shown; "what the justice may have said, I am ignorant of, but he is certainly a man of experience, sound sense, and unbiassed rectitude. I have availed myself of his counsels in many cases, and I am sure he is far from seeing danger, when there is none. But to judge for myself, I must beg your confidence. You say you are come directly from England, when did you leave that country?"

"On the fifteenth of September, bound with a sister and four servants to Jamaica—we had passed the coast of Florida, when our vessel was boarded in the night, taken, and we carried prisoners to the Island of Barataria. I escaped after a two week's confinement in a yawl. My desire was to reach the mouth of the Mississippi, from which I knew I could not be far. Though not ignorant of the war pending between England and America, yet I hoped to obtain from them, that assistance, which a generous rival can scarcely refuse to a distressed enemy. Wind and tide carried me to the westward—and here, sir, you will excuse me, my narrative must close, as I am bound by my word of honour."

"And the Indian dress and colour."

"Dire necessity forced me to assume a disguise, which you may believe, sir, is certainly most disagreeable, but I have nothing in common with those, who, as your countrymen fear, might involve the peace or safety of the country."

"You have not been in the service."

"No, sir."

"Your family reside in England."

"Ludlow Castle, in ——shire, is the seat of the second branch of our family, in possession of my uncle, Sir Robert Graham. Lords G——r and L——n are relations of our family. Our mother, the widow of the late General Graham, lives in Jamaica on her plantations; on account of her health we were going to pay a visit to her."

"You have not any written testimonials."

"They are in the hands of the pirate."

"Are you acquainted with any of the officers of the expedition, now before our capital?"

"Will Mr. Gentillon favour me with their names?"

"Sir—— and Lord——"

"I am connected with one of them, and well known by the other."

"That is something—you must write to the commander of the land forces, and that instantly; the letter must be sent with the evidence of your apprehension. It would be trifling with you, sir, to conceal from you, that there is real danger, unless you choose to be less critical respecting your word of honour."

"That, sir," said the Englishman, "must be dear to me, whatever may be the consequence."

"I expected so, dear sir," replied the senator, walking through the apartment in deep thought;

"your case," resumed he, "has been investigated, and you are suspected by the multitude—that is, however, of no consequence—but, unfortunately, your countrymen have used means to instigate the savages to acts of hostility, which can never be justified, and the last war with the Creeks, as well as the former in Ohio, and in the territory of Indiana, with the numberless massacres, have left a rankling animosity in the minds of my countrymen; though, to speak the truth, they themselves have contributed their part to exasperate these reckless savages. It is really the dreadful suspicion of a spy, and of an emissary that rests on you, and if things cannot be managed so as to clear your character from every suspicion, before you arrive at head quarters—then we must be prepared for the worst. You have been amongst Indians, there can be no doubt, and Squire Copeland seems to know the tribe—you have betrayed yourself by an unguarded expression, and the very man of whom he speaks, is the most dangerous and inveterate enemy of our people; prepossessed, as he is in your favour, there is no doubt but he must and will give utterance to his suspicion, as soon as he is called upon. You know, sir, how light are our ceremonies with persons of the description to which you are suspected to belong. Your army is before our capital, the exchange of civilities is easily superseded; perhaps the court martial would not even think it worth while to inquire into your standing, under such strong suspicions. The general who is at the head of military affairs, is a soldier and a gentleman, in the full sense of the word, but he is rather rash and resolute; and I am afraid unless we can, by previously collecting the necessary evidence in your favour, render such an event im-

possible, his stern republicanism, edged by the manifold wrongs which the English have inflicted on his country, and some animosity towards your nation, may betray him into an action, which I, for my own part, have every reason to deplore."

The Englishman turned a little pale, but it was only for a moment, and his countenance again resumed its former serene and even lofty calmness.

"I, for myself, could scarcely escape suspicion, should it be known on what terms I treated you."

"Sir," said the Englishman, "I must insist upon your leaving me entirely to my fate."

"Nay!" exclaimed the creole, "there is no fear of that—Gentillon is known, as well as his influence; but I thought it necessary to lay the state of things before you—you will excuse my freedom—my servant will be with you in a moment."

The senator made a slight bow, and went down stairs.

Arthur's thoughts were not of the most pleasing sort; he had considered the whole, as little more than the phantoms of an old sequestered country squire, who looked at new and uncommon events, with the exaggerating eye, with which people of the lower classes are apt to consider occurrences, that are beyond their daily routine. He had even been amused, as we have seen, during his stay in the squire's house; and the insight, which his capture and the different employments gave him, into the character of the new nation, had greatly tended to dissipate that anxiety, which otherwise, would certainly have affected him. But the assurance of a man of Mr.

Gentillon's rank and standing, who was to be supposed intimately acquainted with the relations of the country—began to operate more powerfully upon him. To be even suspected as a spy, is dreadful to an honourable man; but to think of suffering death under the imputation of a crime which he detested, would almost have been sufficient to bereave him of his senses. Firm and noble as he was, far from that egotism that trembles for self alone, he could not look without alarm, on the clouds that rose around him on every side.

He received the writing materials with a trembling hand, and it was long before he could command himself sufficiently. But his spirit once more obtained the better of his fears: he sat down, and stated his circumstances in a short and concise letter, requesting the commander of the English forces, to send immediately an official note to the American head-quarters, purporting that Arthur Graham was in no manner connected with the service of the government; he desired him to add such proofs, as might sufficiently elucidate his character.

The negro waited in the room.

"Massa wants to know when the gentleman has done writing?"

"I have done."

The black disappeared, and the senator came shortly after. Arthur handed him the paper.

"It is well," said the creole—"I shall take the necessary care to convey it safely to head-quarters. The answer may arrive before we go down. But now, sir, be pleased to dress. My servant will conduct you, where you may cast off your copper hue."

The black thrust his woolly head through the open door, and drawled out:—

"Massa must go with Bambo," and jogging down stairs, passed through the corridor into a back gallery, which was shut on every side. It contained a copper basin.

"Massa must make himself again a gentleman," said he, shutting the door, and leaving our Indian alone.

CHAPTER V.

By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down—now sit down.—Come, cousin.

SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER half an hour, his features had again assumed their natural hue, to his no small advantage. The black again made his appearance, staring him in the face, in utter astonishment.

"Them ladies will now like massa better," muttered he, running before him up stairs into the chamber. On the table in his room lay several suits of the latest French fashion.

"Massa must sit down," said the negro, placing a chair, and taking his apparatus from his pocket.

The youth cast an inquiring glance at the black artist. No man of fashion likes to trust the most important part of his own dear self to a bungler, but he sat down, and the first cut of Bambo convinced him that he was an adept. When both head and face were disencumbered of their superfluities, he selected from among the suits, a blue coat with similar pantaloons, and a light blue waistcoat. He was cut, curled, and dressed in the most becoming manner; nor could he resist casting frequent glances at the mirror, surveying himself with much satisfaction, and with a mien, in which seemed to lurk some-

thing like a desire to know a little more of the enchanting black eyes, that he had perceived behind the Venitian blinds.

Such is man! His heart was full with Rosa, who sat enthroned in it in all her loveliness; besides, there was a disagreeable, or, rather a dangerous prospect, that put his very existence into jeopardy, and perhaps into the power of an inveterate enemy of his nation, and yet he had seen the sparkle of bright eyes from behind the blind, and a corresponding curiosity began to manifest itself. What youth can resist some tender emotion, if an agreeable countenance lurks behind an elegant curtain or a Venitian blind?—Arthur entered the saloon.

"Good day, Mr. Gentillon!" said the honest squire, "I did not know you was up—thought you down at head-quarters. Hang me! if that ain't the Indian lad," exclaimed he, shaking the young man by the arm, and leading him towards the window—"Ay, ay, and so it is—Well, well, all is right—and I am glad, boy, you are here!"

"Permit me to introduce you to my family," said the senator, who entered from the second door, and led both gentlemen through several apartments, into the dining room. They found three ladies there.

"Madam," said the senator, "I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Arthur Graham, as our guest, and I hope my children," turning to the younger females, "will endeavour to make Mr. Graham's stay with us, as little tedious as possible."

A slight curtsy followed, performed with a grace and ease, that made him sure of being welcome. During the short pause that ensued, the

members of the party seemed fully employed in examining the new objects which were thus presented, in that glancing manner, which the more civilized world permits.

Madam Gentillon was one of those mild, benevolent beings, on whose face is written in legible characters, that they live and move in the happiness of their families. There was a visible acquiescence in the measures of her husband, that seemed to inquire very little into the character of her new guest, though a melancholy expression showed how deeply she felt the awkwardness of his situation.

The daughters were blooming girls. The one had evidently reached the zenith of that charming age, when the heart is longing after realities. Her jet black eye rested for a moment on the stranger, with an open, and somewhat arch expression, and when it withdrew, it was done with an air, that told plainly—I am already engaged. The second daughter seemed to have just arrived at the threshold of the virgin age; and the long silken lashes, underneath which, the hazel eye turned languidly on the handsome youth, and again sunk downwards, spoke volumes.

There is in the mind of every youth, as well as maiden, that untaught, but deep-rooted natural quick-sightedness, which at once lays open those secrets which we fancy deeply buried in our bosom. There is scarcely a girl at fifteen, who is unable to tell at first sight, in what order of beings a new acquaintance should be classed. The sober and self-contented ogling of a husband, causes a sensation scarcely acknowledged, or even felt, while the gaze of a blooming youth excites an emotion, which suffuses the cheek with roses.

"Mr. Graham," said Mrs. Gentillon, "has a mother in Jamaica, who is waiting for him?"

The Englishman bowed.

"And a sister?" subjoined the eldest of the two misses, who from her prospects, felt herself probably entitled to become a leading member of the conversation. "And is she really in the hands of that—that—Oh, I do not know what to call him?"

"Call him pirate," said the senator, smiling.

"But, papa! how you like to embarrass one."

"I?—by no means. I only like precision, and now the more so, as our dinner is waiting for us."

Mr. Dick Gloom now stumbled into the room and sat down. The dishes were delicious, the Burgundy exquisite, the rum, according to Squire Copeland and Dick Gloom's opinion, better than the best British Jimaky; an opinion which remained uncontroverted, as the other members of the dinner party preferred French wine—and so all parties were content. The conversation, however, during dinner was more languishing than might have been expected, from the gay sprightliness of the elder daughter. The senator evidently repressed an unrestrained merriment, that under present circumstances, might perhaps offend the feelings of his guest. After they had taken a cup of strong coffee—the squire and Dick Gloom, however, adhering to their rum—they arose from the table.

"And how do you like, sir, our country?" inquired the senator, when they were again seated on the sofa.

"But," said the squire, "we mought as well go on the piazza; them stylish ladies won't let me smoke here, I know."

"No," said the senator, "you would have my girls at your heels, and for myself I am not over-fond of the perfume."

They went out on the piazza.

"Well," said the justice, "such a country you won't find across the water," lighting at the same time his cigar.

The Englishman hesitated a moment, afraid of saying something disagreeable; but his inherent frankness, or rather bluntness, and the squire's challenge, broke his scruples.

"The banks of the Mississippi present beautiful views and excellent situations—but the rest is a mere mud-hole."

"Your eyes—" muttered the squire, who in the blunt opinion of the Englishman, thought the honour of his country greatly endangered.

"Your pardon," returned the senator. "You judge from first sight, and this of course does not present the most agreeable view; but you seem to forget, that this part of the country is not yet settled. Yet, even from these swamps, Louisiana has reason to expect much future wealth. Perhaps a century may pass, before these morasses will be drained, and in a state of cultivation. But should this once be effected, they will be real and inexhaustable gold mines. It is true, we shall have to work our way, like beavers, slowly, above and below water-mark; but the reward will be sure and everlasting. A hundred or fifty years will effect much."

"A hundred years!" cried the squire, with indignation. "In ten years you may raise millions of hogsheads of sugar. It is the finest country in the world," said he, with an air of derision; his patience being exhausted by the long term

fixed by the senator, for the future greatness of his favourite country.

"There you are mistaken, squire, like hundreds of my fellow-citizens, who like fond lovers, behold already those splendid effects of our free institutions, which can only be the result of time, and of prosperous circumstances. They already see what they may become in fifty years; overrating the present condition of their native country, and making themselves and it ridiculous. To compare every saw-mill, that we have here, and which is, perhaps, new to us, who live greatly secluded and retired in the woods, to a wonder of the world, exposes us to severe criticisms. Believe me, sir, as one who has had opportunity to hear the opinion of many. It is not by saying what we are not, nor can be in our present juvenile age, that we extol our real advantages and blessings; but it is by a strict adherence to truth, generosity, and honesty, that individuals as well as natives promote their own interest, show real patriotism, and ensure themselves the esteem of foreign nations."

"A fig for them slaves of the old world," returned the squire, who felt his whole patriotic indignation roused by the insinuation of the senator.

"No, my good Mr. Copeland," said the creole, with his usual gentleness—"you are an excellent justice of the peace, but you know little of foreign countries. But, let me ask you, from whom did your fathers inherit that spirit of freedom, but from them slaves, as you call the English and French?"

"Ay, but they escaped from the slavery of England."

"Say poverty, which fell in England to their lot."

"Ay, and them boasters call us poor Yankees."

"That's another question. Though they have certainly no reason to call us poor Yankees; yet, they are undoubtedly wealthier than we are. But a nation may be wealthy, as is the case of England, notwithstanding there be millions who have not a square foot of land, and thousands who have not a morsel of bread. But I see I must give up—there is no reasoning with my friend upon that point," said the senator, a little nettled at the appellation of slaves, which the sturdy and ignorant old man bestowed on the old world, and consequently on France too, to which the creole, like most of his countrymen, was deeply attached; entirely differing in this respect from his Anglo-American fellow-citizens, whose whole affection seemed, and was, in fact, concentrated in their new country.

"And won't you look after the gray?" asked the squire, who had expressed the little interest he took in the conversation, by frequent yawnings, that resounded on the piazza, not unlike the harmonious gobbling of a turkey.

Our good squire had not advanced in his philanthropic notions quite so far, as to forget his own interest, and by permitting the Englishman to ride his favourite horse, he wished to avail himself of his horsemanship, to bring the senator to a fair bargain.

"That there lad could tell you, Senator, what a fine beast he had to ride upon. D—d, if he didn't clear the cotton tree yonder, just as it if was a cabin log."

"To-morrow, to-morrow," said the senator.

"Ay, to-morrow I must be down at Point Coupee with my people, or there will be fighting, and the devil knows what."

"Well, if you insist," said the gentle senator, "we will go down, if Mr. Graham is not too much tired?"

"A lad like him and tired? Now, senator, you shall soon see how tired he is."

And, so saying, he whistled to a negro, and called for his gray. Taking the saddle from his hands, he adjusted it himself, and then said—

"Well, lad, just mount, and show our senator what fellows both of you are."

"Many thanks for your kind assistance," said the Englishman, smiling.

"Mr. Graham is perhaps tired?" said the senator, who felt that the display of horsemanship under present circumstances, was something like abuse.

The Englishman, however, mounted the horse to satisfy honest Squire Copeland, and after some light and easy turns, rode in full gallop towards the double-barred fence, and cleared it in the finest style.

"Well," said the delighted and astonished creole, "I take him. Fix you own price."

"Well, senator, that there lad," casting a knowing glance at the Englishman, "understands more about horses, than you and I taken together, I warrant ye."

"I beg your pardon, squire," said the Englishman, who perceived the drift, the rough, but knowing old man, was going to take. "I am only a trifler; besides my notions are genuine English, and would scarcely apply to this country."

"Well, and what would such a sleek nag as that there fetch in England?"

The senator threw an encouraging glance at Arthur.

"A hundred pounds sterling."

"That is four hundred and fifty dollars or thereabouts. Well, that is too much; but half will do."

"A bargain!" exclaimed the enraptured squire —"five dollars more than I expected, they'll just do for a morning treat to my company. But I want money to appear somewhat decently down the river, at the head of my riflemen. And now, lad," added he, in the same tone—"walk just up through that there gate; I know you won't run away, and if you do—you won't run far."

"But, squire, you must not speak in this manner to the gentleman," said the senator, when the young man had disappeared behind the fig trees. "He is of one of the best families, and connected with one of the commanders of the British forces."

"D—n their good and best families," returned the old man, whose head began to turn a little from his copious libations at dinner. "Them best families are the very nobility and the aristocracy. Ain't we free? Ain't our principles free? Ain't we sprung from as genewine a stock of old continentalers as the best of them? What do we care about them English?"

"But you would not insult a guest of my house, and a distressed young man."

"D—d if I would," said the squire, whose heat was only momentary. "And I am just come to talk about that there lad."

"Well, to tell you my opinion plainly, you

have done a foolish thing, that may cost the noble youth his life."

"Ay, ay, I was afraid of that."

"Well, and why did you not dismiss the action? A man of your sound sense might have seen, that them British would not send youths as emissaries, with scarcely a beard on their chin."

"Ay, ay, true—I mought have done so, but for that devil, Dick Gloom. He stuck and hung about like a wasp. At any rate, senator, you must not let him go down; he would make us troubles—you understand me?"

"I do—there you have brought a fellow into my house, who rages like the yellow fever, over my peaceful dominion. But the day before yesterday he beat one of my negroes, that I almost despair of his being again good for any thing—you may count each of the thirty-nine lashes on his back."

"But them negroes are such beastly creturs," said the squire, who again thought it his duty to take the part of his countryman, against a negro. "And the lad is honest."

"Yes," said the senator, drily—"for the last Tennessee which he ordered, I had to pay just twice as much, as for that which I brought from the city."

"Now look, the lad has bought a parcel of land in our county, and you know he wants to pay for it."

"Yes, with my money—the sooner the better. I will gladly contribute my share to get rid of him."

"And I hope you'll part friends, though few like him; yet he has many madcaps on his side, and I don't trust him at all."

"And still you will give him your daughter? You Georgians are strange people—you hang together like a nest of hornets; touch one and all the rest are on your heels. And the poor Frenchers, as you call them, have to pay for it. But come," added he, good-humouredly—"I presume you are tired, and have slept but little last night—we will take supper, and then both of you may take your rest."

The party assembled again in the dining-room for supper. The family drank Burgundy diluted with water, the squire and Dick Gloom took tea; but little was spoken, and the company soon broke up. Arthur retired to his room. When the servant left him, he paced for an hour up and down his apartment, and was just going to lie down, when a heavy, slow step, that shook the very staircase that led to his apartment, made him pause; the door opened, and a tall, large man entered without further ceremony. It was the overseer, Mr. Richard Gloom.

"Sir," said the young man, and the fire of indignation flashed from his eye—"I presume there will be sufficient time to-morrow, to choose your visiting hours."

"Ay, boy," returned the visiter, with a low taunting laugh, "still afloat, I thought thee hushed!"

"What is your demand?" asked the youth half choked with rage.

"I reckon a prisoner and a spy hasn't no right to ask after honest men's business," replied he, with a dry malignity, turning his back on him at the same time, and throwing his linsey coat on the chair.

"What does that mean, sir? are you sent by Mr. Gentillon," exclaimed he with a voice of

rage. The thought struck him that, perhaps, unnecessary precaution on the part of the creole, had brought about this intrusion.

"Mr. Gentillon!" said the fellow with a sneer, hanging at the same time his waistcoat quietly on the chair. "He is a Frencher, and d—n me, if I trust these Frenchers; they are a rascally sly set, and must be attended to. No, it ar myself, who wishes so much to see thee hanged. Worm thee just a bit further, as thou hast wormed thyself through the Indians. It ar sheer foresight."

"You shall not sleep here!" thundered the youth.

"Thinkest thou so, boy?" retorted his enemy, with the same wild taunting laugh. "Dick Gloom never turns his back to a fight; but take care of thy jaw bones, ay, and of thy eyes too."

So saying, he laid his huge form down with a force that shook the whole mansion. Arthur sprang up and ran through the room half distracted with rage. The cold malignity of the fellow had so exasperated him, that he trembled, he was no longer master of himself. He looked round in the room for some weapon. But the fellow lay quietly grinning on the bed, without uttering a single word. Gradually, the young man returned to his senses. Throwing himself into a chair, he laid his head on the table, trying to take his rest in this uncomfortable posture. The fellow lay for about a quarter of an hour motionless.

"Now, boy, choosest thou the cool chair, instead of the soft warm bed?—may be thou wouldst like a better bed fellow?—mayhap thou'lt soon sleep alone, as the devil has got a bill of sale on thee. Now, boy," said the fellow,

rising at the same time, and taking his linsey coat from the chair, "I want just to tell you one thing—hearken, then. Thou hast been the cause of my defeat in the canvass, and d—n if I should'nt have made just as good a captain, as that there old weazel-faced squire yonder; but thou hast saved me from a cool bath, may be a bit more, though the finest rifle that ever shot beaver and red skin, is gone, and a new hat too, that cost five dollars cash, paid down honestly, to Johnson yonder at Baton Rouge—have the receipt still in my pocket, d—n it, when the hat is gone."—The Englishman's mien contracted into something like a bitter laugh.

"We are now even," said the fellow further, "but hearken—I havn't no notion to bear thy d—nable saucy pride: thou hast talked with the squire, and with that there Frencher—look, boy, we are in a free country, liberty gratis for nothing, and d—d if I ain't just as good a man as the best of them. I wanted just to castigate that d—dest British haughtiness, and show thee that a backwoodsman knows what is genteel, and won't suffer himself to be doggedly used; ay, and generous too; and I won't spoil thy night's rest, I know thou art sleepy, and weary too, d—n if thou ain't."

And so saying, the sullen fellow took up the rest of his garments, and marched out of the door, doubtless, not a little proud of his own generosity.

CHAPTER II.

——We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes do, a vessel follow,
That is new trim'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE sun was already high when Arthur Graham awoke from his long sleep. The negro of yesterday sat cowering by the side of his bed, enjoying a sweet hour's idleness.

"Massa," said he, "has sent Bambo to help the English gentleman to dress."

"Your master is very kind; I can dress alone."

"The English are good massas," continued the black: "can massa swim?"

The Englishman started at the question, and cast an inquiring glance at the black, he thought on Canondah—

"Certainly," replied he.

"But massa could not swim across the Sippi."

"I presume not."

The black went towards the window, and looked out of it.

"But massa mout swim half across?"

"I believe I could."

The black said not a word more.

Arthur dressed, and went down stairs, deeply ruminating on the strange questions of the negro.

A good day was wished him from all the members of the family, and they expressed their serious alarm, at seeing his pale-looking mien.

"We are, for to-day, alone," said the senator, when they had done breakfast, "and we may as well take a walk in the cool morning air, and chat a little." The youth bowed his acquiescence, and they went towards the river.

"But what does the cloud on the brow of my friend signify?" demanded the creole; "I hope Mr. Graham has slept well!"

"As well," repeated the youth, as one in my precarious situation may be permitted."

"Permitted!" said the creole, who had caught up the expression.

"Certainly," returned the Englishman, with a bitter laugh; "I received a visit last night—a visit which has disconcerted me, more than any thing else, since my short adventurous life in America."

"A visit!" demanded the creole—"not a disagreeable one, I hope?"

"Mr. Dick Gloom, said the youth, bitterly, "has condescended to use my apartment as his bed chamber. Really, the fellow put me out of countenance."

He now told the whole affair.

"And so he came to sleep with you, for fear you would escape?" said the senator laughing.

"So it seems," returned the Englishman in a decided tone, which betrayed that he expected any thing but to be laughed at.

"I see," said the planter, still with an expression of good humour, "you have not travelled in America, or you would have been frequently obliged to resort to a chair, in case you refuse a bed-fellow. But I am really sorry. The best

way will be not to show any resentment. The fellow has his friends, and, of course, such ones as himself, and he thinks himself, as he frequently says, just as good as the best man on the ground. He is one of those necessary evils that often attend the greatest blessings. I mean our liberty. I myself would not venture to brave him under present circumstances."

"It is a dreadful thought, to feel oneself at the mercy of such a populace," said Arthur, on whom the adventure of the night had left a deep impression—"sir, I pity you with all your liberty. We have our mob in England too, and a pretty mad one, to speak the truth, but we have also means to keep them in proper bounds.

"Ten years ago," said the Creole, "I thought exactly as you do, Mr. Graham, and many of my countrymen are still of the same opinion; but a riper judgment and a long experience have shown me things in a different light. The fact is, that we have no mob in America, in the sense which you take it, that is a poor idle discontented rabble, increasing in numbers every day—without principles and without property, anxious for any innovation that may give them scope for plunder and excesses. The very men whom you have seen at Opelousas, homebred and homespun as their appearance may be, are freeholders who came from the eastern states, to settle here, with or without families. They nestled down in the wilderness, and began to clear a parcel of land, living, in the meanwhile, on the produce of the chase, and selling that of their lands. When they had gathered a small sum of money, they went straight to the land-office to purchase a small tract, and so became freeholders. Such men are respectable, though they may be rough. You can-

not expect, from men who have spent the greater part of their lives in the woods, the refined manners of Paris or London gentlemen. Yet even that roughness wears away every year, and you would be astonished at the change that has taken place, during the ten years they have been in the Union. I have seen more than savage rudeness and presumption, when they broke into our country, like so many untamed wolves; but they have roamed a while through the land, and settled down peacefully. With this improved condition, too, they have become more tractable, and those who are freeholders—and most of them may be called so—are a blunt but manly sort of people, with a self-respect and self-devotion to every public office, that you will not find, to tell the truth, even among the wealthier class of my countrymen; at least not among those who are not freeholders and proprietors of land. I am obliged, for the sake of my own interest, to live on good terms with them. You will have observed, Mr. Graham, a number of small plantations. They belong to these men. They are not yet able to raise a cotton gin of their own, and they sell their produce to the wealthier planters. To the five hundred bales which I raise on my own plantation, they add an equal number; and though I pay in fact more than any of my neighbours, yet one proud word would direct this, not quite unprofitable business, into another channel. But it is certainly not self-interest alone," said the Creole a little loftily, "that gives to these people importance in my eyes, but the real advantage that they are to Louisiana. They have done more during these ten years, for Louisiana's health and comfort, by clearing woods, draining swamps, and

opening communications with remote parts, than the French and Spanish government in the preceding century. Ten times more, sir. Besides, they have roused the languishing spirit of my countrymen. There was a conflict, as may be supposed—many of my countrymen felt their interests injured. It is the principal sting that still rankles in the minds of many Creoles, and which has made them disregard the advantages of the Union. My people have looked upon them as adventurers, and called them so; but they do not deserve that name. The government that emanates from them has bought the country, and they came into their property to settle it. The greatest part with empty hands, it is true; but they brought their arms and axes, and these are of more importance to a country overgrown with forests, than a pocket book filled with bills of exchange. Besides, they are really the protectors of the wealthier planters, in the absence of a military force, against the black populace. Before the Union there was scarcely one plantation with more than forty slaves. I have now myself about a hundred and fifty.

"I do not doubt," said the Englishman, "that these people, may be good for something in a new country; they should only keep their distance, and not assume the air of their betters."

"And who are these betters?" returned the planter. "The wealthy?—they may and will become wealthy in the course of time. Their public functionaries?—they will be elected themselves senators and representatives, as soon as they become qualified, and sufficiently rich to aspire to such a distinction; that is, when they have given to their fellow citizens sufficient

proofs, by a judicious improvement of their estates, that they are qualified to take care of the commonwealth."

"I pity the country where such men are allowed to aspire to high offices," said the Englishman.

"Your pardon, sir—you are mistaken, quite mistaken. I have the honour to assure you that these men are not the worst of legislators."

A smile of expectation passed over the face of the Englishman. The senator observed it, and went on.

"It is these humble members of society, to whom if elected—and elected they often are, in spite of the efforts of their wealthier fellow candidates—we have to thank, for those excellent laws, that touch and concern our self-government—our household, if I may so express myself. These men, who have not read a book through in their whole lives, and know no more about Sieyes, Barras, Chatham, Pitt, or the ancient Solons and Lycurgusses, than my Bambo, have during their wandering adventurous life, and the vicissitudes, to which their stormy journeys have subjected them, collected a fund of practical knowledge, that, when properly used, cannot fail of producing the most salutary effects. In this country the humble member of the legislative body, who has followed, perhaps, the trade of a carpenter, moves a bill, which, when examined by the more learned fellow-members of the legislature, is found correct, and when gradually freed from its rough exterior and smoothed into form, becomes both popular and useful. It is on the practical experience of such, comparatively speaking, humble members of our legislative bodies, that the great men, Washington, Jefferson,

and Adams, have sustained their higher and more philosophic principles. Thus they became enabled to present to the world, a combination of regulations and institutions, which ensure, if not a perpetual, at least a longer freedom than any nation has ever enjoyed. It is to such men as Franklin, who have passed through all the ranks of life, and have risen from an obscure station, that the United States are greatly indebted for that degree of liberty, which even the poorest citizens enjoy."

The explanations of the senator, had now become highly interesting to our Englishman—he listened with attention.

"And do you think the American statesmen greater than the European?" demanded he, after a pause.

"Allow me to give you some farther views, and you may then form your own opinion yourself, without forcing upon me the necessity of hurting, perhaps, your patriotic feelings," said the gentle creole. "The legislators of the United States have, in fact, drawn from their own minds, and from the minds of the people among whom they lived, and of whom they formed part; without trusting to the fanciful dreams of theorists and politicians, or being guided by the oppressive egotism of hereditary rulers. When they began their great work, they had a large and open field, in a country where the population was just springing up, into national existence—disencumbered of the prejudices, habits, customs, and privileges of an old barbarous age. They found a rich luxuriant soil, little or not all overgrown with the weeds of prejudice, and they were at liberty to plant what their wisdom and experience, guided by the voice of the people,

deemed most advisable. Thus they gave to the American nation that form which is now so much wondered at. As I have told you, these great men, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin, were from among the people; they had seen and felt their wants and necessities themselves—and thus they were enabled to give to our institutions a popular form, not often equalled, and scarcely ever excelled. The case, as you will observe, Mr. Graham, is different in France, and partly so in England. In France the lawgivers found a nation already ripe; who had a literature, a history, institutions, predilections, and all the throng of ancient, historical, deep-rooted prejudices. Though the revolution had tumbled down the whole structure, yet the people remained nearly the same, the French remained French; their change was only momentary, and they began to make wars. Their statesmen had to struggle with ancient prejudices and rights, which had eaten themselves into the minds of their constituents, and the whole moral being of the nation. And what were their statesmen? some of them secluded characters, who knew the world solely through the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and d'Alembert; others were roués in the worst sense of the word, without self-regard, as without regard for the nation. From such men no sound, no lasting constitution could be expected: they were not the men adapted to impress a new character upon a nation. Even in your free England, your lawgivers, though highly respectable in every sense, are generally above the common people; and even if elected by the people, or, by the liberals, as they are called, they often sacrifice the interests of their constituents to gratify their own ambition. The greater part of your

parliamentary men, have never been in ordinary life; they have never felt the wants of the millions whom they represent; and the laws that emanate from them, are more or less restrictions upon the poorer classes, or, what is the same, on the great mass of the people—barriers to secure their own rights, their power, and property. Thus it is, that one in your country may suffer as heavy a punishment for crossing a fence, or entering an enclosure, as he would in America for a real crime. Your lawgivers are bound by existing ancient customs, privileges, and prejudices, which overrun the splendid structure of your constitution. They are bound by their own self-interest—and you know how tenacious Englishman are even of their faults."

He was going to add something, but the attention of his auditor seemed attracted by another object. He paused for a moment a little nettled; but the eye of the Englishmen continued rivetted on the river.

"What is it, Mr. Graham?"

The young man pointed silently at the river, on whose immense mirror a dark speck was seen gliding down the current.

"It is a bark filled with Indians," said the senator, after having attentively looked at the canoe. "I wonder what may bring them down the Mississippi in such numbers?"

"And is it not usual with them?" demanded Arthur, his eye still fixed on the canoe.

"Not at this time—they come by land. These Indians too are well armed, if I am not mistaken—it is a pity we have no telescope at hand. But the canoe approaches rapidly."

The canoe in the meanwhile shot down with extraordinary swiftness. A tall, well-formed In-

dian stood erect in it; leaning gracefully on his lance, and examining attentively the two gentlemen.

"Stranger!" said the senator, "I have never seen an Indian so dressed—he looks extremely handsome. But whom does he speak to? A female, with a straw hat—still stranger! She is a white girl, and as it seems, quite young."

"Let us hasten towards them!" exclaimed the Englishman, with an agitation which he could not account for.

"It would be useless," returned the senator—"the bark glides twice as swiftly down, as we can walk. I shall, however, give orders to ride after them."

Both hastened towards the gate, and Arthur ran and rung the bell; a couple of negroes came running, and one of them soon after threw himself on the back of a horse.

"Try to bring them back at any rate," cried the senator, after the galloping black.

"What is it, papa?" demanded the elder daughter, who had peeped through the Venitian blinds, and came tripping through the corridor. "Won't you tell us?—Come! we have not seen you all the day." And, catching hold of his hand, she drew him towards the ladies' sitting-room. Arthur followed musing.

CHAPTER VII.

——— I this infer—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE Indians, as may be expected, were the subject of conversation; though they were frequently seen in these parts, and almost every day some individuals of this race were stealing round the corners, yet the mysterious appearance of the canoe, and the strange equipment of the savages, so entirely different from the abject and poor outcasts of the tribes, who lurked in the heart of the settlements, had excited the curiosity of the planter.

"From what I have seen of these savages," said the elder young lady, who had already ten times opened her mouth and shut it again, in consequence of a serious glance from her father, "I am really not over anxious to behold any more specimens of these people, but we are so lonesome here, ah!—so lonesome," added she, nearly yawning, "that I would give something to know how they look. A female you say, papa, was among them? Probably one of them, how do you call them?"

"Squaws," replied the senator.

"Squ—squaws!" repeated she, opening her pretty lips with a grimace, as if she was afraid

the uncouth word would hurt them, and showing a row of ivory teeth in so droll a manner, that the company could not help laughing aloud; and even Arthur, who seemed to be buried in thought, awoke from his reverie.

"Medisante thing!" said the father, threatening her with his finger.

"Now, papa," said the sprightly girl, in a half-laughing, half-whining tone—"how unjust you are. Here we are sitting and sighing, not unlike the two princesses of the Arabian Tales, surrounded by black visages, and watched by the agreeable Mr. Dick Gloom—and Charles is away, and you are going."

"And Mr. Hugh M'Leaven," added the father, in the same mocking tone.

"Papa!" said the blushing girl, putting her pretty finger to her mouth. "But do you really intend leaving us here alone, in the company of Mr. Dick Gloom, your worthy overseer?"

"Certainly, my fair Eleanor," replied the father, imitating her tone—"unless you choose to work on the lines."

"Yes, I will!" exclaimed she; "the northern ladies shall not say, that they are more patriotic and republican than we are—I will at least carry provisions for the workmen."

"At least for one of their commanders," said the father.

"But, papa! how you delight to torment us. Pray shall we really have no balls this year?"

"I am afraid, but too many!"

"And why leave us at home?" She now caught the meaning of her father. "Oh! those terrible—" but, recollecting herself, she changed them into "the terrible war."

"Eleanor!" exclaimed both father and mother, with a mild reproach.

"But why so deep in thought, Mr. Graham?" demanded the former.

"I was just thinking, how many a lonesome mother and sister will count every minute with an aching heart, that may bring them dreadful tidings. Miss Eleanor is quite right in calling the war and its authors terrible."

The gay volubility of Eleanor had now received a sort of indirect check. She gazed for a moment, with a tender and full glance, at the youth, and then said,—

"Mr. Graham, we too have a brother down the river. But really, papa," resumed she, turning again to her father, though with quite another air, "if Charles, now?"

"Or, M'Leaven," added the senator.

The girl again blushed deeply.

"If you do not cease tormenting me, papa, I shall not open my mouth again, for the whole evening."

"For which silence, perhaps, we shall feel very much obliged," returned the father.

"I am free to protest," subjoined Arthur—"It would be a loss indeed."

"Well, now, if Charles should receive any injury," resumed Eleanor, her eye hanging with an interesting and droll expression on her father; "then he would be left to the mercy of an old snuffy house-keeper, and you know, papa, he would not even take a cup of coffee from her hands."

"But how can we help that, dear Eleanor?" said the father.

"Oh! take us with you. Come! Gabriella."

Both girls now tripped before their father, and raising their delicate hands, they begged—"Oh! take us with you."

The delighted father looked for a while at the blooming girls.

"It cannot be," said he. "In case now the enemy should take the city."

"Then they would certainly respect the fair sex, as they have done every where else. I pledge my honour for that," said the Englishman, who felt himself called upon to protect the gallantry of his countrymen.

A grateful glance from the charming petitioners was his reward.

"And what do you say, madam?" demanded the planter, now turning towards Mrs. Gentillon, who sat all the while, a silent and passive auditor.

"Whatever you decide upon, dear Gentillon, will be agreeable to me."

"Well!" said the yielding father—"I am myself of opinion, it will be the best. We will go down together, that is, if I can bring Mr. Dick to stay here."

But the latter words were not heard by the delighted girls. Both fell upon the neck of their father; kissed him and mamma a dozen times; and Eleanor ran out of the room to make preparations for the journey. Gabriella lingered in the room—from time to time her glance stole from behind the silken lashes of her beautiful languishing eye, upon the youth.

"I am afraid," said he, "I have spoken against the interest of my country. The Americans will be invincible, if they are aware what treasures they are going to defend, and what soothing hands they have to expect."

"Really, my countrymen will want such a stimulus," said the representative, "and with all that, I am afraid our resistance may prove ineffectual. The odds are too great," said the senator, stepping at the same time between his guest and his daughter. The latter left the room. Arthur paused and seemed lost in reverie. "Yes," repeated the senator; "the odds are too great—fourteen thousand against three."

"Only three thousand soldiers?" said the astonished youth.

"Oh! no," subjoined the planter, who began to be aware that he had spoken rather too freely respecting the state of defence. "There will be some thousands more; but still I am afraid we shall have to rely on the generosity of our enemies."

"Mr. Gentillon and his countrymen, will certainly not be disappointed; and my countrymen ought to feel proud, to become the protectors of so generous a people."

"Oh, as for that, I have every hope. Our commanding general is a man of energy and military experience."

"Has he fought in any battles?"

"Chiefly against the Indians—he is the terror of the savages."

"Indians?" repeated the Englishman, in a tone, that notwithstanding his efforts, could not entirely suppress a slight sneer.

"Yes," said the senator, a little drily—"the Indian wars are the school of our officers and soldiers, as the East Indian wars are the preparatory exercises for your great commanders, and even your hero of Vittoria. I am almost sure, a man who proves victorious against a superior Indian

force, will be a good general against any enemy—of course cæteris paribus."

Their conversation was interrupted by the heavy steps of the overseer, which were heard in the corridor. Both gentlemen went into the saloon; there they found Mr. Dick Gloom, just filling a tumbler with rum, and diluting it with a few drops of water—he swallowed the draught composedly, without paying any attention to the gentlemen.

"I thought you would not return to dinner," said the creole, "and had given orders to send it up to you."

"We took twenty hands more, and so have got done," returned he in a sullen tone, without looking up.

Arthur had stepped up to the window.

"Cut the cotton tree to pieces. We had yesterday nearly a break-neck, or a sound soaking," throwing at the same time a sinister glance at the Englishman. "The road is now smooth as the best in the country—got three hundred bushels of corn—brought them down. D—n it, and I hadn't my rifle or I should have sent a bullet after them red skins, lurking just round the great bend, not more than a hundred yards distant—but when they spied me, d—n if they didn't shoot down the stream, d—n them."

The whole was spoken in that sullen, lazy, broken tone, that showed any thing but respect or even regard, to his employer.

"Have you seen the Indians?" demanded the planter.

"Have I? ay, so I have, and so plainly that I could find them out from among thousands."

Arthur became more attentive.

"Devil knows," continued he, in the same

tone, his sullen face averted from both the gentlemen, "what sort of red skins them are! Have never seen the like of them—gold and silver plenty, and a girl," added he, smacking his lips, "d—d if I ever saw any thing so well jointed, in the whole of Georgia or Louisiana."

"Can you give me some nearer detail of the female?" demanded Arthur, stepping closer.

"Ay," muttered Dick, "the Indian gentleman has found his tongue at last, when there is a petticoat afore his face—you may go and look at her; she is down, mayhap she'll go to see ye.—d—n it," said the fellow, "I've peppered many of them; they ain't lurking about you for nothing, I warrant ye. Mayhap they are sent from some other quarter," darting a grim glance at Arthur.

The senator had listened thoughtfully to the reports of the man. The sudden and strange interest which Arthur seemed to take in these savages, had excited his attention. He was, however, too well bred, to give utterance to his suspicions; indeed, his whole conduct towards his prisoner, showed a marked regard.

"Probably Creeks," said he, after a pause, "going down to submit to the government."

"They have done that long ago, you know," returned the overseer; "but them red skins are none of them Creeks—they are quite of another stamp. I'll be d—d if I ever saw so fine martin and fox skins, and panthers, as they had hanging round their d—nable bodies; ay, and their guns, too—saw as fine a double-barrelled rifle as you ever had in the country."

"I should like to know where they came from?" interjected the senator.

"Perhaps that there lad," returned Mr. Dick Gloom, with a piercing eye at Arthur, "mought tell more about it, and bring us on a fresh scent."

"Mr. Dick Gloom, will please to call this gentleman by his name, which is, Arthur Graham," said the senator, in a short, commanding tone.

The suspicious glance of his overseer, and his innuendos, seemed, however, to have taken a slight root in the senator's mind. The Englishman's strange agitation, and desire to see the Indians, could not fail to produce something like suspicion and even alienation.

A servant came to announce dinner.

"Mr. Gloom," said the senator, when he had joined the family, "can satisfy your curiosity respecting the female and the Indians; he has seen them, as he says, at a short distance."

"Ay, and so I have, and the girl too, that sat in the bow behind her copper sweetheart; I'll be d—d if she ain't the prettiest thing I have ever seen—mought be a governor's daughter."

"We believe in your good taste, Mr. Gloom, without your corroborations; I have often told you how ill those exclamations suit the company of ladies; once for all, you will please to omit them in your reports."

The short and stern reprimand of the planter, caused a long, deep pause, during which the negro came in, who had been sent after the Indians; he returned without having seen more than the canoe; a crevasse, below the lands of the planter, had prevented him from following them further.

"Well," said the planter, "whatever may be

the case, we will go down together: it is, at any rate, safer in the capital, than in the country."

The conversation had now assumed a turn, that seemed to give every one full scope for meditation, and the members of the party sat silent and thoughtful. The senator rose up, and both gentlemen walked again into the parlour.

"Sir," said the Englishman, whose situation in the house had become more painful every hour, "I am aware, that my presence is likely to cause an anxiety in your peaceful family, which in the present difficult times, must fall doubly upon you. I must request you to—"

The senator interrupted him with a—"Pshaw! you will allow me, Mr. Graham, so much discretion, as not to take a stranger under my roof, and to make myself a sort of jailor—you pardon the expression—without sufficient reasons. I am fully convinced that you are what you say, and know equally well, how to appreciate the innuendos of a savage backwoodsman. I should, however, be glad, if the gentlemen down the river were of the same opinion; but come, let us take our evening walk."

They passed along the avenue, and sauntered along the bank towards the ravine.

CHAPTER VIH.

I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way,
Among the thorns and dangers of the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

"DURING our morning walk, an official account arrived, which will contribute to heighten the exasperation against your countrymen; I mean the destruction of our gun boats."

The countenance of the Englishman brightened; the senator had touched a point, which struck his English nerves too powerfully.

The desire of hearing something more of the affair, was clearly legible in his countenance.

"It could not be otherwise expected," continued the senator; "your superiority in numbers were too great."

"Mr. Gentillon will allow me to think, that even had it been less, the result would have been the same."

"And Mr. Graham will allow me," returned the senator, "to doubt his patriotic assertion—and with good ground. The actions on Lakes Erie, and Champlain, and the repeated captures of your frigates, are sufficient proofs, that my fellow citizens know how to fight, and to conquer, where the odds are not too great."

"But Mr. Gentillon will not adduce those trifles, as proofs of your naval superiority?"

"We must leave naval superiority for the present, to those who enjoy it; at least, it would

be ridiculous to enter the lists with our few frigates and sloops, against the greatest maritime power of the present times; but even from these defeats, which you call trifles, but which I consider in quite another light, and really as preludes to future great battles, you may see what the Americans can do, and what they will do, when they have a maritime power—and this they must have, in less than twenty years."

"Never such a one, as might successfully cope with Great Britain," said the Englishman, confidently; "think, only of a thousand vessels!"

"You judge as an Englishman," said the senator; "but allow me to make a few observations. A navy, as you will admit, is the protector, and safeguard of maritime commerce, and keeps equal pace with that commerce. Tyre and Sidon were in themselves insignificant towns, on the coast of Phenicia, yet they had the most important navies in their time, because they had the greatest commerce. The harbour of Carthage could neither be very safe nor very spacious, from what we see in our days, but she had the greatest navy, because she had the greatest commerce; and, consequently, the greatest wealth. Rome too is a striking example, how great wealth alone, may be sufficient to create a navy. Though an inland power, yet it created, in a few months, a navy, that wrested the naval superiority from its enemies, the Carthaginians, and extirpated at a later period the pirates, who had more than a thousand vessels at sea. But we need not go so far back. Venice and Genoa, were trifling republics, compared with the vast empires by which they were surrounded, and yet they possessed for centuries, the greatest naval power, because they had the greatest

commerce, and of course the greatest wealth. As soon, however, as their commerce passed, with the discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, into the hands of the Spaniards and of the Portuguese:—their naval superiority was gone, and translated with the commerce and wealth of the newly discovered countries, into the hands of Spain and Portugal. They possessed their commerce but a short time, for it will never flourish under despotic governments, and it soon took refuge in the morasses of Holland. As the commerce of these latter increased, so did their navies; and their Van Tromps and De Ruyters could cope, and successfully, with England. England had existed for more than a thousand years, with all the advantages it now possesses, of its seaports, and hardy population; but it was only when it had obtained the commerce of the whole globe, and had seized on the East Indies, that it became the first maritime power. Her navy kept equal pace with her wealth and her commerce. A great navy can only be created, and, for a long time, supported by a wealthy, or what is the same, a commercial nation. History establishes this as a fact, a rule, without a single exception. But to come to our point. Do you think, Mr. Graham, that the United States, already enjoying a commerce, which, except that of Great Britain, is superior to that of any other nation, will not determine, in the same ratio, upon protecting it by a navy. A navy is the natural, indispensable safeguard of commerce; if the latter increase, the former must equally advance. And there is not a nation, which has the means of raising a naval power, in greater perfection. They have a sea-coast of more than three thousand miles, the

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finest harbours, the best materials for constructing a naval establishment, and a population born for a seafaring life, and with a commercial spirit, that exceeds even that of England. I have here a pamphlet of one of your tourists through the United States, who, wishing to sooth the uneasiness of your countrymen, at the recent disasters—or trifles, as you call them, Mr. Graham—demonstrates practically, that the United States will never be able to enter the lists against Great Britain, 'because,' says he, 'the United States are not surrounded like Great Britain, on every side by water.' He cites France as a proof of his demonstration, but the wise young man, an officer who seems to aspire to a captaincy by means of his pen, has paid but little attention to the difference between France and the United States. France was never a commercial nation, and though not poor, yet never was rich. It could not become rich, for under despotic governments, the people will always be poor, and but little disposed to commercial enterprises, of which they cannot reap the fruits. The naval efforts of France were always repressed by pecuniary embarrassments. The spirit of the French people is more chivalrous and military; they are disgusted at the cool calculating merchant. They will never become merchants, never rich, and will never be a naval power of the first rank. But let the United States become wealthy—and they will, they must become so, in spite of the efforts of Great Britain to the contrary—and the very sailors of England will aid to establish their superiority. Fifty years hence—you may possibly live, Mr. Graham, to see that time—then you will think and speak differently from what you now do."

"My countrymen will feel very much obliged to Mr. Gentillon," returned the Englishman, "if he allows them fifty years. But in this time the United States, may perhaps have ceased to exist. The elements of which they are composed, are of too discordant a nature, to promise a long and a firm continuance. A nation may become powerful, but ten or more nations thrown together, and collected from every quarter of the globe," added he with a shake of the head, "will never do."

"It is true," replied the senator, "the United States have opened an asylum for the whole world; there is no doubt that many worthless characters creep into the bosom of our community; but unless they change their habits, in our country, they remain what they have been in the old one, the scum of the population. The principle on which our statesmen proceed, is both wise and humane, and shows that they have studied human nature deeply. These vagrants must become useful members of society, from sheer necessity, unless they prefer starvation. For professed sharpers, such as you have in England, and we in France, there is little to be done in America. They must work and apply themselves to a useful occupation. It is not, however, these emigrants whom our legislators had in view. It is the descendants, who were principally considered in the measures. A nation without intermixture becomes sterile. England, as you know, owes the superiority of her population, chiefly to the hardy rovers who have at different times taken possession of the the island, and intermixed with its inhabitants. There is no doubt that our country is still in her newest settlement, in a state of fermentation—it does not yet exhi-

bit the pure consolidated condition of a nation which has long existed—there is still much roughness—immaturity, but that will wear away, and a sound, healthy race arise, divested of all incongruities. Whether the Union will stand proof, time will teach us. It is a problem, the happy solution of which is left to our vigilance. In the same ratio as the old country will most probably decline, in the same ours will rise."

"Your pardon, sir. Without doubting in the least the soundness of your observations, you will allow that these speculations and suppositions may prove, what they are, mere speculalations. Surely I hope our statesmen will know what course they ought to pursue."

"But your statesmen cannot arrest the course of things," returned the senator; "they are men like ourselves, with their predilections, passions, and prejudices. You may see this every hour, in the very manner in which they have treated the head of the French empire. Believe me, sir, I am not a friend to the emperor Napoleon, though I was a friend to the consul Bonaparte; but your statesmen have acted as men more impelled by hatred, by revenge, than guided by prudence—else they would have pursued another course. We are here, Mr. Graham, it is true, at an immense distance from the great theatre of the world, but we have one advantage over you and the actors—we have not so many prejudices and predilections. We look at the scenes in Europe as they are—as 'the looker-on in Venice.' But one result is now clear before our eyes—France has been humbled, and reduced to its natural limits, with an expense of blood and treasure which might have been better employed. I wonder why your statesmen have not hit upon

the means of humbling both the colossi of Europe, who contended against each other. They seem to have forgotten, that the French warlike enthusiasm, was like the momentary sparkling of their Champagne, a vapour that would have flown away; and that with less blood and expense, all the discordant appendages of the French empire, would have again returned to their former channels, as heterogeneous to France. You have the merit of having created a rival, who will strip you, sooner or later, of your East Indian dominions. Your ministers might have avoided that, they might have looked at the two powers, they might have suffered them to exhaust themselves, and enjoyed the fruits of it; but you entered, with the downfal of the French usurpation, the lists against the northern colossus. This will change the whole of Europe. These civilized barbarians—for barbarians they will remain for ever—will, with their dead weight, press down the continent of Europe and England."

"You mean Russia. These savage boors with their Czar," said the Englishman with a sneer, "compete with England?"

The eye of the senator fell on the youth. "These boors are sly and treacherous, and they have shown you how they get the English gold of the proud islanders, as they call them. From the treatment of your ambassadors you may see, that they know their standing sufficiently. Already your country may be said to be in a sort of inferiority, with respect to their power. Why else these extraordinary, often repeated, complimentary embassies? This humble compliance with the wishes of the Autocrat of these barbarians? Why was your admiral sent to blockade Constantinople, against the true interest of Eng-

land, and in deference to the wishes of the Autocrat? for every foot of land taken from Turkey, is taken from the independence of Europe and England. I am far from believing that their dangerous cabinet will break openly with you. No, it will pursue the same sly treacherous policy which it has observed for a century; will avail itself of your friendship, to promote its views; and will gradually suspend over your head the sword of Damocles, to force you into a compliance, more pernicious to your national independence, than an open and disasterous rupture. England had never a more treacherous and dangerous enemy, than these barbarians, whose secret springs are moving the Tartars in China, as well as the Indians on our northern coast, and who have their emissaries in every court. My heart bleeds at every step, which those slaves make towards the south; for with every step, the independence of France and England, is more and more endangered. I love," said the senator, loftily, "I love fair France, and I respect proud England, the nursery of liberty, the depositary of every thing noble. She has indeed faults, but they are only the shadows to her still brighter virtues; it is a grand picture. Perhaps I ought not to say so, my country being at war with yours; but if we are bound to love friends, we ought not less to admire noble enemies."

The Englishman pressed the hand of the creole. "But," said he, "this vast, incoherent, colossal power will fall asunder of itself."

"It may be," said the senator, "but I doubt it very much. This colossus is more coherent than the British empire. Fifteen millions of Englishmen and Scotchmen, keep together more than a hundred millions of East and West Indians,

Americans and Irishmen. What cannot fifty millions of Russians do. They are blind stupid instruments, in most treacherous and hypocritical hands; a word of their masters, and hundreds of thousands rush upon their death. Besides, this nation has just sprung into existence; it is young; what will become of Europe, when its force shall be developed, when its autocrat becomes rich, and rich he will be, as soon as he has attained an outlet, for the fairest portion of his eastern empire."

"This will never be attained—Bonaparte has fallen, through his insatiable ambition, and so may the autocrat," said the Englishman.

"The case is different, Mr. Graham. Bonaparte was a plebeian, a proud self-loving soldier. The autocrat is legitimate, and connected with all the minor sovereigns of Europe. These kinglings and princelings, with very little national honour and feeling, care nothing about the equilibrium of Europe—so long as they are allowed to drain their subjects, and to keep them in bondage."

"And you think," said the Englishman, "our statesmen will not, sooner or later, look through the tissue of their ambitious schemes?"

"Your statesmen, sir, are certainly great men, and they have their eyes open, but they overlook the present, as well as the future. The English statesman is, besides, entirely different from the French, or those of still more despotic courts. The English statesmen are more open, blunt, free, and even more honest—as far as men may be called honest, who are acting under the principle, that ends justify the means. But from the very relation of the English statesman to both houses of parliament, he must be more

frank and open than those of the Continent, who serve their master blindly. His education is more liberal, and he despises the subterfuge and arts of diplomacy. Your statesmen are superior to those of the continent in real knowledge, but inferior in the subtle wiles of diplomacy; and your present minister is overreached, nay, duped every where. You have great positive statesmen, those of the continent are of a different cast. But sir," said the senator, taking now in his turn the hand of the young Englishman, and looking, with an expression of openness, in his face, "you have been pleased to smile sometimes at my remarks—allow me to tell you my opinion upon this point, as a man who takes great interest in you. A gentleman should be so fully conscious of his dignity, as never to display any scorn towards others. He should be lofty in his sentiments, but not haughty—a sneer is a distortion, if I may so express myself, both of mind and person, an inward laugh, expressed on the countenance. It may be allowed to vulgar minds, who cannot repress mean pride, but a man of education should preserve that equilibrium of mind, which, if it cannot respect others, will respect itself. We scorn hypocrites, who pretend to be better than they are, but what shall we do with those who show themselves worse than they are, from something like contempt for the opinion of others. I know it, Mr. Graham, to be a national fault, your women sneer their lovers away, your statesmen their allies, your authors, those who dare to disagree with them, and your gentlemen sneer away their amiability. You Englishmen are the strangest people in the world. With a sound understanding, you give yourself the worst airs; a Frenchman pillages the country,

and plunders the inhabitants; but he does it with something like grace, and though his rapaciousness is execrated, it is soon forgotten, from his politeness. You Englishmen are too proud to take where you can give, and you spend your money in the conquered province; yet you do it with a sneer; and while you in fact benefit the country, you destroy the favourable impression by the air of contempt, which accompanies your generosity. You are the fathers and the founders of this country, and yet speak of an enemy, and the idea of an Englishman is connected with it. My Telemaque will think his Mentor a little inclined to be tiresome, but Mr. Graham may be assured, that it is only sincere regard, that prompts this conversation. I hoped to chase away the melancholy cloud, from the brow of my young friend, that might otherwise have settled there, and rendered his stay at my house still more disagreeable. If I have trespassed, I beg Mr. Graham's pardon."

The Englishman pressed the hand of the creole warmly. "I feel," said he, "what I owe to Mr. Gentillon, and I can only give the assurance, that I shall not think, even the hard trials which I am going to encounter, too dearly bought by the interesting, light which he has thrown on subjects so entirely strange to me."

He was going to say more, but the overseer strode in, announcing that the steam boat which was to take them to the city, would be down in a few hours.

The man scratched his head once or twice, and was again slowly retreating towards the door, when the senator suddenly demanded:—

"How many bales may be in the cotton gin?"

"About fifty."

"And on the boards?"

"Fifty more, and in the field perhaps a hundred; about a hundred more are expected from the Atchefalaga."

"For how many have you bagging?" demanded the senator.

"A hundred," was the short reply.

"The rest," said the planter, "will be sent to you—it must be pressed before my return."

"Well, senator," said the overseer, "I havn't no notion of staying here, when my people are going down, to fight them British, I mean to go down myself."

"As you please," returned the senator—"make out your accounts, and deliver them, and you are free to go—I dispense even with the usual warning, though it was stipulated. If you choose to go down with the steam boat, you can do so; and the accounts will be settled by my lawyer."

The determined, cool tone of the planter, seemed to make a deep impression on Mr. Dick Gloom. He stood for a moment, struggling between his desire of going down and fighting the British, and seeing perhaps his malignant hatred gratified against one of them; and the loss which he must sustain, if dismissed from the service. The mention, however, of the lawyer, was decisive. Scratching his head once more, he marched off, muttering, "I'll stay."

"One thing we have gained. We are rid of that fellow, who might have made our passage very disagreeable, and caused us even some trouble down in the city. We must now prepare for the journey. Your pardon," said he, bowing slightly and leaving the saloon.

Arthur went up into his room. He had, not-

withstanding the extreme politeness of the planter, and his anxiety to conceal every thing—observed that his efforts had become rather studied. He had remarked the solicitude with which he had cut short his conversation with Gabriella. There was a polite, but obvious repulse in the manner of the senator. His situation began to grow painful to him; his heart almost sickened with suspense, fear, and dreadful anticipation. He found on his table a small collection of French and English classics—he opened the lid of Corneille, but his efforts were in vain—the letters swam before his eyes. He opened the window. The servants were gaily bustling up and down stairs—their merriness fell heavy on him. He shut the window. The sun was setting, and his broad streaks on the Mississippi announced the close of the day. At last the hissing sounds of the steam boat were heard—a few minutes more, and the vast machine rolled before his eyes, and turned, and moved slowly towards the bank. The deck of the vessel was filled with a medley of armed men, whose tremendous shouts announced the riflemen of Opelousas. She had now come to—and Squire Copeland, with four men, armed with rifles, marched towards the mansion. They halted on the piazza, and Squire Copeland entered. There is something appalling in a military display of this character. Arthur grew pale—and a slight shudder flew over him. But a moment's reflection gave him firmness, and he descended with a quick step.

"Ah, lad!" exclaimed the new captain, shaking him heartily by the hand—"there you are, all's right—I hope it may end well—shouldn't like to see thee hanged." And, so saying, he stept with all the military pride he could muster

into the parlour; where the planter and his family were just entering from the side door.

"A good evening to all of ye—I see you are in your gears. You hain't no notion, senator, to take them tender creatures down with ye—do ye? Hang me! it ain't no joke, nor a husking-frolic neither. How now, young folks, d'ye really mean to run your chance with us? Ay, and all ready from top to bottom! Now I warrant ye, there will be fine doings."

He would have probably continued for half an hour longer, if the senator, who had been unusually serious all this time, had not interrupted him, by saying,—

"They will go down with me."

"Well, well, all's right; I hain't no objection. But," and he turned now with a military air towards the senator—"I have to thank you, senator, for the care you have taken of the prisoner—your trouble shall be duly paid in country bills; one dollar and seventy-five cents for one day and a half, may be a few hours more—according to law. But, I am now to reclaim the prisoner, at your hands, that he may pass into military jurisdiction, according to law."

"Well, as I am going down myself, captain, you will have no objection, if I take care of the proper lodging of Mr. Graham. Where is the captain of the steam boat?"

He had just entered the house. The senator spoke a few words with him apart, and the new ship's company having taken the customary refreshments, they proceeded on board the steam boat.

CHAPTER. IX.

O Lord? O Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed by earthquakes, and so encounter.

SHAKSPEARE.

"FELLOW citizens!" said the senator, when the party had entered the cabin of the steam boat, "I hope you will pay proper respect to misfortune, even in the person of an enemy of our country; from all appearance we have a gentleman before us—as such, I wish him to be treated; as senator of the state which we are all going to defend, I wish him to be so treated. Sir," added he, turning to Arthur, "here is your state-room."

The short address had the desired effect; the multitude who came gazing, and peeping through the cabin door, drew off in silence, and the company was soon left alone. It consisted of the senator and his family, and about twenty landed proprietors, from the banks of the Mississippi. The senator preserved his usual gentleness, and the open manner in which he treated the prisoner, bespoke that he was a man of that firm character, which neither feared suspicion, nor shrunk from it. But Arthur himself felt the necessity of greater reserve, and it was but seldom that they exchanged words. After a short supper, the females retired into the ladies' cabin, the gentlemen in their small, but elegant state-rooms, of six feet eight inches in length, and four feet in width. Arthur soon followed their example.

The lamps shed a dim lustre through the cabin, above which, the heavy footsteps of the trampling multitude, were heard mingled with the regular strokes of the steam engine. Arthur, in his birth, felt his hand softly touched, and a voice whispered into his ear—

"To-morrow at three o'clock, massa leave dinner, and be in the ladies' cabin."

The mysterious speaker stole through the silk curtains, that hung down from the ceiling of the little room, and left Arthur to his thoughts.

The country through which our travellers now passed, of which the morning sun presented those fleeting views that are so delightful, and so characteristic of a Mississippi voyage—is the immensely long, but narrow strip, known under the appellation of the Mississippi valley; in the midst of that, the giant river, literally, lords over the surrounding country, looking down, with something like contempt, from both its banks into the declining bottom lands, that slope imperceptibly into the cypress swamps. The stream itself too, is no longer disgraced by trunks of trees sticking in the mud, and protruding their ragged limbs, as planters or sawyers, to the terror of the western navigator.

As if conscious of its immense strength, it rejects even the accession of the powerful stream, that pours, under the name of the Red river, the collected waters of many streams, into its bosom, refusing to mingle with its waters for a long distance, and again sending it away, after a short union. Numerous bayous or outlets open on both sides of the river, formed by the protruding hand of nature. Without outlets, the country itself would sink into an immense dreary lake.

The banks of the river were, even at that ear-

ly period, in a state of improvement, far beyond what might have been seen, in any part of the country, west of the Alleghany mountains. They exhibited those variegated scenes of forest, and cultivation, which are, perhaps, more agreeable to the eye, than a completely settled country. In front were the sugar plantations, with the comfortable mansion of the planter, behind which, the humble log cabins of the negros were scattered. The large clusters of orange, fig, and lemon trees that surrounded these country houses, and remained exposed to the chilly air of the wintry season, indicated the southern climate. Fields that stretched regularly for half a mile down into the bottom, were skirted by the cypress swamps, that run the whole length of the valley. Not a mountain, nor even a knoll was to be seen; occasional stumps of trees, in the cleared sugar fields, betrayed, that even these parts had not long ago been redeemed from luxuriant wildness. The stillness that reigned throughout, corresponded with the autumnal decay of the advanced season. There were no signs of the bustle of plantation life, no crowds of negroes swarming through the sugar fields, or chanting their melancholy cadences; here and there a knot of women and children, basking in front of their huts, and gambolling before the deserted mansion of the planter; but on the whole, loneliness cast a shade over the enchanted landscape. Towards noon, groups of men were seen crowding towards the city, vessels of various sizes and burthen gliding down, or riding at anchor; some, judging from their uncouth shapes, coming from the remote head waters of the river.

Now and then the shrill sound of a fife, accompanied by the heavy thumping of a drum, was

heard. Every thing wore a serious and grave aspect.

The passage was a dreary one to Arthur; wherever he turned he beheld cold, scrutinizing, or desponding glances. The senator had become more pensive and dejected every passing hour; his eye hung long and despairingly on Arthur. Eleanor had not spoken a single word, Gabriella had not left the ladies' cabin, and betrayed her presence only by a loud sobbing. There is something extremely discouraging in these mute workings of pity and sympathy.

The dinner bell rang, and the family sat down with the rest of the company; but none of them tasted of the dishes. Gabriella looked up, from time to time, from her untouched plate, and at last, unable longer to suppress her feelings, she burst into tears, and left the table. Arthur felt his right foot touched, he started, and after a momentary recollection, stole behind the curtains of the senator's state room; a door opened from the small apartment into the ladies' cabin—Arthur passed through it, and Bambo stood before him.

"More towards the curtain," whispered the black, "or they'll see the English massa through window. It is well, massa has understood Bambo; but not yet time. Does massa see yon smoke?"

Arthur looked in the direction indicated.

"It is the camp of General Coffee, with his militiamen. We must pass them, before massa can have the boat."

A few minutes brought them in sight of the encamped troops, who, however, were manœuvring in a manner quite different from the specimens of soldiers, which we have sketched on a former occasion. The Englishman stood in silent expectation.

"What does that mean?" demanded he, at last.

The negro laid his fingers on his mouth, and looked at the men. The steam boat was now on the point of the great bend, that forms the broad bay, at whose skirts the city slopes down towards the cypress swamps—a few seconds more, and they were in sight of the capital.

"Now it is time," said the black. "Look yonder, dear massa! See that big cotton wood tree—it looks like a broom. Massa must look that way," whispered the slave, seizing the arm of Arthur, whose eye was riveted upon a distant object that glided down the stream. "Look this way!—don't you hear, sir?" repeated he, seizing the gazing youth by the arm. "Well—yonder massa sees the big cotton tree. Three miles further down are the American lines, on the right bank—massa must not approach them. For heaven's sake! look this way," said the black, in a hasty tone, shaking him violently.

Arthur turned his eye in the direction pointed out by the slave, but the next moment it fell again, as if attracted by a magic power, towards the floating object.

"From this cotton tree," continued Bambo, "there leads a passage into the cypress swamps. Massa must go along the hedge of the sugar cane, and keep to the right side, or the men will discover and shoot him dead. Why—massa must be crazy!" muttered the trembling slave. "He will ruin himself and me. Massa must," continued he, shaking the youth once more, and turning him by force in the mentioned direction, "go through the swamp for a mile, and then turn down in a line with the river. Seven miles he must go, and then he will be opposite the British camp. He must take care of the American men

of war, and look for the British gun boats. In the devil's name—massa is mad!" cried the almost despairing Bambo, at the incomprehensible listlessness of the Englishman. "He will be lost!"

The object at which Arthur had gazed, became now plainly discernible—it was the mysterious Indian canoe.

"Look at those Indians!" said he to the negro.

"D—n 'em!—a fig for 'em. Now it is time—take off your coat." The negro pulled with force the coat off his back. "Massa has," resumed he, "not more than six hundred yards to swim—he ar near the right side—he must keep his head under water as long as he can, that no rifle may kill him—his head would then be like the trunk of a tree. There!" said the slave, pushing him to the railing. A cord fastened to the stem, hung down into the water. "Now, for heaven's sake."

The youth, however, as if insensible to the threatening things around him, kept his eye steadily fixed on the canoe. They had now approached so near, as to be able to discern the persons. The slave grew almost frantic. Seizing Arthur by the arm, he was about to push him into the stream, when the steam boat turned suddenly towards the left bank, and passed the canoe.

"Rosa!" exclaimed the youth, in a tone of the wildest joy.

The canoe turned, and a female form raised herself, assisted by a noble-looking Indian. It was the White Rose.

"You are lost!" said the negro, coldly, cutting with trembling hands the cord from the hook, and throwing it into the water. "The general knows of no mercy against the English—in

an hour massa will be shot—poor Miss Gabriella!"

"Away with you!" cried Arthur, who saw persons running through the ladies' cabin.

The negro shrunk behind the railing, and the senator, with Captain Copeland, stood before the Englishman.

"How d'ye come here, sir?" cried the latter, sternly.

The senator looked astonished.

"Gentlemen," said the youth, in a collected, firm tone—"you are come in a happy moment. I hope I shall now be able to justify myself fully."

"What! is that the Indian canoe?" demanded the senator.

"Even that. It contains the persons, who will give you the best account, how I came in possession of my strange disguise. As however there will be no time left to speak to the Indians, I request your kindness, to demand from the chief of the party, the release of my word of honour. While he spoke the short hissing sounds of the boiler announced, that they were on the point of landing."

"Back! back!" roared a hundred voices, "back! you damned red skins, or the steam boat will crush you and your paper canoe into a thousand pieces. The canoe was darting directly after the steam boat, it was near being upset in the rolling waves, which the ploughing wheels left behind, and only the extraordinary skill of the rowers saved them from being buried in the vast deep.

The steam boat was made fast, and the multitude now rushed over the boards, to greet their friends and brethren in arms, who were crowding the banks. Wild, joyful shouts burst from a hundred lips.

The senator, with his family, four guards, and Captain Copeland, remained in the cabin.

"Where are the Indians?" demanded the creole, looking anxiously through the window. "They are gone—I do not see any thing of them. Mr. Graham," said he, turning to the youth, "the time is short, and each moment is precious. Captain Copeland is only waiting for orders to deliver you to the regulars, they will be here in a few minutes—I beg you for heaven's sake not to trifle. If the Indians know your secrets, it is certainly fair to show to your friends, no less confidence, that they may act as soon as possible."

"Mr. Graham," begged Gabriella, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "speak, for heaven's sake."

"Here, then, lad!" said the squire with emotion. "The martial law ain't to be trifled with: we mean you well. The reglars will be quickly at our heels, and from their grasp, hang me, if there's an escape."

"Friends," returned the Englishman, pressing the hands of father and daughter, "my hearty thanks, but I cannot, dare not speak, before I am disengaged from my promise upon honour. Even to an Indian, faith must be kept."

The senator beckoned his servant, and whispered something in his ear, Bambo ran out of the room, and a long melancholy pause ensued, of which we avail ourselves to look after the canoe, which appeared at so critical a juncture. It had halted as soon as the cries resounded, a short distance from the steam boat. The Indians were for a moment engaged in seeking for a landing-place—but a number of steam boats barred their approach, farther down the big canoes, as they called the merchant vessels, presented a

long and impenetrable barrier. They turned disappointed higher up. Another cry was heard. The flat and keelboats were laying there, at anchor. Again they turned, and had to seek for a landing-place, at the upper end of the harbour, opposite the suburbs of the city. They had just landed when Bambo was running out of breath. The negro seized one of the Indians by his panther skin, and pointed trembling, down towards the steam boat. A shake that threw the poor fellow on the ground, was all the answer; the proud Indian recoiled as if he had been touched by a serpent. Making a sign to five Indians to remain as guards of the prisoner, the young chief hastened with the rest of the party towards the steam boat, without deigning to cast a farther glance at his guide.

There was a sad melancholy stir among the persons, whom we have left in the cabin of the steam boat, occasioned by the appearance of four new comers, whose steady firm march, weather-beaten countenance, glittering arms, and uniform dress bespoke them to be regulars. As soon as they had arrived at the steam boat, the doors and passages were guarded by them. One sentinel was posted before the door of the dining room, a second before the entry that led to it.

The Englishman was stepping from the door, flanked on both sides by two regulars, with an officer behind them, just as the old miko and El Sol had found their way into the steam boat.

"Back!" cried the first sentinel, who stood before the passage presenting his bayonet.

The two Indians gazed for a moment, and then pressed forward.

"Back!" repeated the soldier.

"The chiefs must see their white brother," said the old Indian.

The soldier gave no answer, but looked towards the approaching prisoner.

"Tokeah!" said the Englishman who stood now before the old Indian, only separated by the sentinel. "I have kept my word of honour, but I must request you to release me from it." At this moment the band opened, and Rosa flew into the arms of Arthur, the muskets sunk from the hands of the iron-hearted veterans, and they stept involuntarily back, at the sight of the transcendent and almost unearthly beauty of the maiden. For a moment she hung in his arms, speechless, unconscious of every thing around.

The commanding officer made a sign.

"Sir!" said he, "the time is pressing."

"Rosa, I must leave you," whispered Arthur.

"Leave Rosa!" exclaimed she, and the crimson of her face changed to a deadly pale.

"I must go with these gentlemen."

She hung on his arm like a drooping vine.

"Tokeah!" said the youth, still supporting the maiden with his arm; "I have promised not to tell where I found you and your tribe. Your Indian dress is near bringing me to an ignominious death—may I tell how I came into your village, and in possession of this dress?"

The Indian listened attentively.

"Sir!" interrupted the officer, "that is against military rules."

"Certainly not," replied the youth, loftily—"I gave my word of honour; I reclaim it only."

"I wish you may give this gentleman time to explain himself," said the senator, who stood with his family behind the officer.

"Even the high respect I bear to Mr. Gentillon, would not permit that," returned the officer. "What the gentleman has to say, will be heard by his judges."

"May I speak?" demanded the Englishman, once more, of the silent and provokingly calm Indian.

The Indian was about to open his lips, when the soldiers raised their muskets, and pushing both the chiefs aside, they marched their prisoner on shore, and soon disappeared among the gaping crowd.

Rosa looked after the youth, who, like a meteor, had vanished from her sight; she dropped her head—then gazing wildly round, she was going to rush after the beloved object, when she felt herself suddenly withheld. It was the senator, who led her gently into the cabin, and made the Indians a sign to follow him. He had scarcely delivered Rosa into the hands of his daughter; when he addressed himself, trembling with anxiety, to the old Indian, who stood before him in all his shrunken grandeur, unmoved, to every appearance, by what he had seen.

"Was it you, from whom the young Englishman obtained the dress, and the weapons?" demanded he, with an impatience, which was the surest means of obtaining no reply at all.

The old chief gazed at the interrogator, but he gave no answer.

"Perhaps you know something about it?" demanded the senator, turning to the young chief.

The same silence.

"Men!" cried the senator, who knew little of Indian manners, and of their circuitous and sententious phraseology. "I must request you, in all earnest, to speak plainly; the life of the young man in whom you seem to take so deep an interest, depends on your promptly revealing the manner in which he came by his disguise."

He might have spoken an hour without coming to the point.

"Why has Arthur left Rosa?" demanded the latter of her neighbour, the tender Gabriella.

"He is led to prison," said Gabriella.

"To prison—and why?—Has my brother done wrong."

"They suppose so—they think him a spy, a British emissary, who instigated the Indians against the white people," replied Gabriella.

The words spy and emissary had attracted the attention of Tokeah.

"Is the old man," said he, "to whom the miko of the Oconees talks, one of the chiefs of the white men?"

The senator nodded.

"Has he fought in many battles?"

"No—I am not a military chief, but one of peace," returned the senator, who, when he found that his abstract expressions were not in the vocabulary of the Indians, endeavoured consequently, though with difficulty, to adopt a simpler mode of conveying his ideas, to the minds of his auditors.

"Then," said the old Indian, after a pause—"he is one of the wise men, who hold their talk in the council house."

The senator replied in the affirmative.

"And the wise man cannot deliver my young white brother, from the white warriors, and from the prison?"

"No," said the senator, painfully embarrassed at the tedious questioning.

"But the old man," continued the miko, "is wise, and he can clear the path of the chiefs of the red men, that they may talk to the great chief of the white warriors."

"Do you wish to speak with the general?" demanded the senator.

"We do," was the brief answer.

"I doubt very much, whether the red men will be admitted; the necessary precautions do not allow strangers to go down to the lines, where he is at present. And even if they go down, they will scarcely find opportunity of talking with the chief—he is very busy."

"Tell the great chief and father, that the chiefs of the Oconees and of the mighty Cumanchees, are come with their hands extended, as brethren."

"You might as well tell me," said the senator. "Only let me know."

"The miko of the Oconees never talks twice," said the old man, turning his back to the senator, and thus cutting short the conversation.

The senator perceived that nothing was to be effected with such men; and yet the moments were so precious. As the intercourse of the young Englishman, beyond doubt, had been with one of the most dangerous enemies of the white population; it was to be feared, that his case would not even be thought worthy of a strict inquiry, or the decision of a court martial. According to the customs of war, and the rules of martial law, the fate of a worthless adventurer might be sealed in less than one hour, under the pending pressure, and where the English camp was scarcely three miles from the American lines. Great as his influence was, he had himself witnessed an example of the stern justice of the commanding general, that filled his republican mind with involuntary apprehension. He ran through the cabin to Rosa.

"Will my fair child go with us?" demanded he.

She inclined her head.

"Then come," said he, "I will try my utmost to bring you before the general. Come, red men," added he, turning towards the Indians.

"The wise man," said the miko, "may show the chiefs the path—they will follow him."

The party now left the cabin. A carriage was waiting on the levee, at some distance from the margin of the river. The senator made a sign, and it drew up as the party approached.

"The red men will follow my carriage," said he, turning once more to the Indians.

They nodded their acquiescence. A footman opened the door, let down the steps, and the senator handed Rosa in—and took, himself, the back seat. The carriage whirled along the levee, through oyster and orange shops; mountains of Pernambuco logs and bricks; bales of cotton, and sugar and tobacco hogsheads; but its rapid course was soon arrested—long files of carts and wagons with ammunition and cannon, moved slowly on the road, leading from the levee along the Mississippi, to the lines. Every opening was filled with foot-passengers and militia men—small detachments of regulars marched at intervals, with officers on horseback at their head. Negros with spades, going to work on the lines, picked their way carefully through the long ranges of wagons and horses, which obstructed their passage.

"It will take up too much time to go down in the carriage," said the senator—"has my fair child any objection to a walk?"

A mild, consenting glance was the answer. They alighted, and found the Indians close at the wheels of the carriage; beckoning them to follow, they now crept in their turn, through the

crowd, often in imminent danger of being caught by the wheels, or trodden under the feet of the horses. A weary hour passed before they saw the mansion of the general. The house stood back from the road, and separated from the long range of summer mansions of the wealthier creoles, by a pleasure ground, the projecting railing of which enclosed it on every side. A small picket of regulars, stationed before the entrance, with a crowd of officers of the regulars and militia, impeded their farther progress. The slight, silent bow of the senator was returned by all the officers, with every mark of respect. He spoke a few words with one of the chief officers, and leading Rosa towards him, made the Indians a sign to wait for him—he was then soon lost behind the shrubs and trees of the avenue. After a few minutes he returned, his countenance beaming with satisfaction.

"I have seen and spoken to the general; though seriously engaged, yet he will receive the chiefs. The rest of the red men must remain here—come, then."

And, with a precipitancy which showed his anxiety, he led the way through the avenue towards the mansion, ascended the steps that led to the piazza, passed the corridor of the mansion, and entered a wide saloon.

CHAPTER X.

——————— Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the act of rising from an elbow-chair, that stood before a table covered with maps, plans and reports of every description, was an elderly gentleman, whose tall, slender and thin, but stately, erect form, exhibited a striking picture of war-worn exhaustion, and of noble military loftiness. His large sun-burnt features were of a pallid hue, and a certain slow, but dignified motion, bespoke bodily sufferings and trials, which had loosened and stripped of its due proportions, a frame once apparently very powerful. But, as if to bid defiance to a waste, that time and hardships, but not disease, had caused, the stern countenance expressed undaunted determination; and from beneath the prominent arched eyebrows, gleamed a pair of dark blue eyes, whose keenness might have caused an involuntary, tremulous feeling in those, who came in near and unfriendly contact. He was dressed in a fine but simple blue coat, with golden epaulettes—a sabre and a military hat were lying on the table.

When the party entered, his keen penetrating eyes fell upon the female, as she moved slowly into the foreground, supported by the senator, and they rested on her as if to read the cause of the strange

emotion that betrayed itself so clearly, in the heaving of her bosom, and the sudden suffusions of crimson, and paleness. She looked up in her turn, casting her expressive eyes on the man on whom depended the life of one so dear to her heart; they sunk despairingly on the floor; a second time she raised them more timidly, when as if impelled by an irresistible hand, she rushed forward, and fell before the astonished general, embracing his knee—"mercy," exclaimed she, "mercy!"

The senator ran forward to raise the fair suppliant; the general, however, had already anticipated him; with his right hand he raised the maiden, while his left seemed to deny him its service, and, with an air, in which no trace of the former sternness and austerity was visible, he demanded:—

"My child, what ails you?"

"Oh, they will murder him!" shrieked she, in a tone of the wildest despair.

"Murder him?—whom?"

"Arthur!"—

"Who is that Arthur?"

"It is the Englishman, who has been brought to head-quarters, under the suspicion of being an emissary to the Indians," said the senator, taking the arm of Rosa, and leading her a few steps back. A dark cloud overspread the general's countenance.

"I am sorry," said he, with chilling coldness.

"I beg pardon, general," said the senator, in an abrupt tone, "but these Indians will explain his innocence."

The general bowed slightly, aud turned to the chiefs, who had stood during the time silent, eyeing the general with a keen scrutinizing glance. The old man now advanced, and extending the palm of his hand, he said:—

"Tokeah, the last miko of the Oconees, is come

with his brother El Sol, the mighty chief of the great Cumanchees, with their hands extended in friendship, that the great chief may look on them with the eye of a father."

"Tokeah, miko of the Oconees?" repeated the general musing, and in an inquiring tone, eyeing, at the same time the old man from head to foot, in a manner not quite flattering to his pride.

"And this chief here?"

"El Sol," said the young man, in broken English, and with a strong Spanish accent, "the chief of the Cumanchees and of the Pawnees—"

The general surveyed the young, noble-looking man, whose dress and attitude bespoke more the military character of a civilized nation, than of Indians, and extending his hand, he said with dignity:—

"El Sol is welcome in the city of the white people, and to the chief of the white warriors—his ears have heard of his red brother, he is known to him."

The young Cumanchee laid his left hand on his bosom, and taking with the right the hand of the general, laid it on his forehead in token of his veneration for his age and military deeds. There was in the whole a lofty grace which bespoke that each of the parties was fully sensible of the elevated character he had to support. Though undoubtedly hard pressed by affairs of weightier moment, yet the general gave no signs of uneasiness, leaving to the well known sententious slowness of the Indians, full time to give utterance to their sentiments.

"The miko of the Oconees is come," said the old man, "to brighten the link between his men, and the white people, and their great father, and he has brought him a token of his friendship."

The general shook his head, as if a little doubtful—"I have heard of Tokeah," said he, "but these

things are past, and we will not stir up, what years have buried in oblivion. But you are not come merely to brighten the link as you say? The red men love their wigwams, and their hunting grounds and woods too well, to come so far to the villages of the white men, without particular and cogent reasons."

"The red men have brought the great father o the white people, tokens of their friendship—they have brought the great chief of the Saltlake, that he may hang him on a tree."

"Chief of the Saltlake!—you do not mean the pirate?"

"The pirate of Barataria," said the old man.

"Indeed! well I am glad of it, though it is no affair of mine, it belongs rather to the government of the state, whose territory he has violated, yet I am glad, both for the governor, and for the state. How did this desperate character come into your hands?"

"The great chief of the Cumanchees," said the old man, "has caught him when he burned our wigwams, and carried away the daughter of Tokeah," pointing to Rosa.

The general cast another glance at the young warrior, and a long pause ensued.

"Do the white warriors," resumed the miko, "take the lives of those, who come into the wigwams of their red friends, from over the Saltlake?"

"If they are the enemies of our country, and if they go among the red men to sow weeds in the path, that lies between the white and the red people—certainly."

"But do the white warriors take the lives of their brethren, when they come to the wigwams of the red men, because they are hungry and dry, and have lost their path? The father of the white men

is a great chief and warrior, and very wise; but do his eyes see what his red brethren are doing, when he is far from their wigmams?"

"Only the Great Spirit knows, and sees every thing," said the general.

"Will the great father and chief listen to the talk of the red men, that his hands may not be stained with the blood of a good brother?"

"He will," said the general.

"The sun," began the old man, "has risen and gone down twenty times since my young brother, who is now in the hands of my white father, came to the wigwam of the Oconees in a canoe. He had escaped the traps of the thief of the Saltlake, who took his big canoe, and him, and his sister; and he had paddled up the river to the village of the Oconees. A big four-footed serpent of the water, whose sleep he had broken, buried its teeth in his flesh, and one, who is now gone to darkness and the worm, struck the serpent, and showed the young man the wigwam. The miko of the Oconees was with his men on the hunting grounds, and when he returned, the squaws whispered into the ears of his men, that his young white brother had been in the village; but his young brother was gone, and the miko, who thought that he was a spy of the white people, followed his trail and found him. My white brother is very young, but he is very brave; he struck the tomahawk from the hand of one of the red men, and his arms had taken hold of him; but he did not sheathe his knife in his bosom, and strike the deadly blow. The miko has seen it, and has sent one of his runners with his brother, that he might show him the path of the Coshattees, that leads to the white villages."

"But why has the Englishman not explained these circumstances?" demanded the general, turning towards the senator.

"The Indian had extorted his word of honour, that he would not betray the site of his village."

"Ah! I understand now. A bad conscience," whispered the general to the senator.

The latter nodded.

"Tokeah is mistaken," said the general, with a grave mien, "if he fears the white will ever disturb him, provided he keeps peace. He has only to be afraid when he lifts the tomahawk, when they will find him, wherever he may be. He has done much mischief in his time, but that is now past. Where lie the wigwams of the Oconees?"

"They stood on the water, that runs into the same lake, with the river on which the Coshattees have their village.

"Netchez?" said the general: "how long is it since the red men left their wigwams?"

"Seven suns, since they saw them for the last time."

"For the last time!" repeated the general: "do not my red brethren intend to return to their villages?"

"The sounds of the axes of the white men, make a great noise in the ears of the red men; they will go where their eye meets no footsteps of the white men."

"Does the great father of our people know of this?" demanded the general.

"The red men have lived, since seven summers, on the hunting grounds of the people of the Mexicos: they will go," added he, in a melancholy tone, "where the plough and the hoe of the white will not follow them."

"And how long is it since the Englishman left your wigwam?" demanded the general?"

"Ten suns."

"Has the young man not seen any other Indians?"

"He was two days at my house, general," interjected the senator: "one day, on his passage down."

"The feet of my white brother are not so nimble, that they can cross the swamps and the woods. My white brother would never have found the path, without the runner of the Oconees."

"It is well," said the general."

He rang the bell, and an orderly appeared. Seating himself in his arm-chair, he wrote a few lines, gave them to the soldier, and again stept forward, addressing the party in general, but more particularly the senator.

"The manner in which our enemies have treated us, instigating and exciting our misguided red brethren, against the poor settlers and helpless families in the west of the Union, justifies, certainly, severe measures on our part, against persons suspected of being concerned in those dastardly undertakings. From what I understand, the Englishman in question does not belong to this class of wretches. I hate the enemies of my country; but far be it from me to shed the blood of an innocent and peaceful traveller, whom untoward accident seems to have thrown on our shores."

"He is a young man of high standing and connexions, and has been captured by the pirate, with his sister. Even the manner in which he kept his word of honour, may convince you, general, that he is a gentleman."

The general bowed slightly, and turned towards the young chief, whom he seemed to read through.

"It is El Sol, then," said he, after a while; "of whom our western newspapers speak with so much admiration, and who saved the last party, sent by our government to explore the western country, from a cruel, treacherous death, and relieved the

young woman from a terrible death. You see how accurately we are informed of your doings."

The young chief bowed, and inclined his head.

"I shall be happy," continued the general, "to receive, for mine and my country's guest, so distinguished and humane a warrior, as the chief of the Cumanchees—the most powerful of the Indian nations in the Mexicos," added he, turning towards the senator; "and, if I am not mistaken, the only one, with the Maquis in Senora and Senowhare, who are still independent of the Spaniards. Their cavalry is a fine corps, and they are, I am sure, the best irregular lancers in the world."

"The Cumanchees know no master, except the Great Spirit," said the young warrior, loftily. "If the heart of the great father and warrior of the white people, approves of what the chief of the Cumanchees has done, let him do the same, and give the white young man to his friends, whose hearts are very sad."

"Be assured, my brother," returned the general, "that I shall do what duty and humanity demand. If the youth is innocent, and I have no doubt he is, then he shall be free. For the present, I am pressed with affairs of importance; but, in one hour, I hope I shall have done, and then I shall expect you in the city."

Waving his hand to the Indian, he shook that of the senator, and the party withdrew. A sergeant informed them, that he was to conduct the Indians to the lodging assigned to them by the general, and to take the pirate into safe custody. They now passed through the pleasure-ground, under quite different feelings. The re-echoed roaring of a twenty-four pounder, from the camp, struck their ears, just as they arrived at the gate; but the Indians passed on, seemingly without noticing the heavy peal.

"That's from one of them guns," said the sergeant, pointing to a heavy piece of ordnance, that stood behind the lines.

They approached them, and looked attentively at the new objects, that presented themselves to their eye. The lines were not yet quite finished, but in a state of rapid progress, that promised a speedy termination. They consisted of a long range of cotton bales, extending from the margin of the Mississippi, across the bottom, towards the cypress swamp. These were covered with earth, exhibiting thus an impenetrable breast-work, behind which the assailants could be received, with the sure and dreadful fire of the western backwoods riflemen. Several batteries, partly finished, showed heavy pieces of ordnance, that were to defend the principal points of the line. The whole betrayed an arrangement, simple as the shortness of time, and the limited means allowed; but highly creditable to the enterprising and ingenious spirit of its author. Behind the lines were posted the regulars, encamped with such troops of the militia, as were sufficiently trained and provided with arms, to the number perhaps of two thousand. There was a wild, merry spirit, a facetious gaiety among the men, that contrasted strangely with the grave, thoughtful mien of the different officers and commanders. The Indians were allowed to approach within a certain distance; but they seemed themselves to feel the necessity of not penetrating too far, and they examined the different objects with a delicacy interesting to the various spectators—and yet there was something melancholy in their gaze, doubtless from the deep-felt superiority of their white oppressors.

"And how many men may such a gun kill at once?" asked El Sol, in broken English, pointing to one of the cannons.

"If loaded with grape, fifty," replied the sol-

dier, with some pride, and that important mien, which delights to have an opportunity of showing its own superiority.

The Indian stood thoughtful.

"My friends," said the senator, "may stay here; but this young lady and I will ride home, if the chiefs have no objection."

Both waved their hands, and the senator with his lovely charge, stept into the carriage.

"But we must go, too," said the sergeant, round whom had closed a file of soldiers, who were to take the prisoners in safe keeping.

El Sol, without giving a reply, waved his hand, and pointed forward.

"And will they do no harm to Arthur?" asked Rosa, when she saw herself again seated by the side of the paternal creole.

"No, my child!" said he, in a soothing tone—"our fears are now over. Arthur will shortly be with us."

Her head reclined, she sunk into a sweet reverie.

"Arthur seems very dear to my sweet child?" resumed the creole.

A crimson blush flew over her cheeks and neck; she looked with inexpressible tenderness up to the creole.

"He is so kind a brother," answered she.

"Brother!" repeated the creole; "my fair child is not a sister of Mr. Arthur Graham?"

"Not a sister," replied the blushing maiden, but——"

"But," resumed the lively senator—"I understand you, my beautiful child. Yet tell me—you are not the daughter of the Indian chief?" taking her hand at the same time.

"Oh, no," replied she.

"And how came you into his hands?"

"Oh, Arthur will tell you every thing," said she, taking his hand, and clasping it with infantine fondness.

"Charming, lovely creature," exclaimed the creole, with an ecstasy, which, if witnessed by madam Gentillon, might perhaps have caused some wry faces—"you must stay a long, long time with us."

"If—" whispered she, scarcely audible.

"If Arthur," the senator edged in, "remains with us—well, I shall try to keep him, but I doubt very much, whether I shall succeed."

The carriage had, in the meanwhile, arrived in the city, and halted before an elegant house. The footman opened the door, and the senator stepping out, helped Rosa to alight; he received, or he rather took her arm, and led her up stairs. They entered an elegant, and well furnished drawing-room, where they were expected by the family, with an anxiety, heightened by the appearance of the interesting maiden.

"There comes papa," cried the merry Eleanor, running towards her father to embrace him; but suddenly changing her intention, she caught Rosa into her arms. While she held the maiden still clasped in her arms, she glanced at her and her father; the expression of satisfaction beaming from both their countenances, seemed to restore at once all her former buoyancy.

"There she is," exclaimed the general; "the beautiful rose of the wilderness." She gazed for a moment at the fair face, expanding under the bright radiance of hope, and after having impressed a dozen kisses on her lips, she began to examine her dress.

"Really," exclaimed she, in droll surprise, "your mantuamaker had not bad taste. Where was this beautiful silk robe made? It fits so prettily,

and the charming little morocco mocasins?" bending down, and looking at the prettiest foot imaginable—"and the bracelets, and the bonnet? Really, my sweet child, the first Parisian artist could not have chosen a better assortment. My sweet, sweet little creature!"

She would have chattered half an hour longer, in the same strain, if her sister had not interrupted her.

"But you will not monopolize her entirely?" said Gabriella, with something like envy.

"Sheer jealousy," exclaimed Eleanor; "there she is,"—passing Rosa into the hands of her sister, who now clasped her in her turn. Gabriella's eye hung with a tender expression on the very form of the being, who came so unexpectedly, to save one so dear to her heart, and, perhaps, take him away again;—a tear started in her eye.

"My dear sister!" exclaimed she, and the two girls kept each other embraced, as if they would never separate.

Both father and mother looked in silent emotion at the two tender beings, whose similarity of minds and sentiments bespoke itself so clearly. There was no etiquette, no ceremonious introduction.

The beautiful being had at once conquered all the hearts of the family, and all the bounds of cold formality were forgotten, or rather overleaped.

"Come to our mother," said the sensitive Gabriella," and she passed now like a beautiful toy, a third time into the hands of the dignified matron.

The father had not yet had an opportunity of relating to his family, the favourable turn which the fate of their friend had taken. Eleanor was tripping round, as if in quest of something; all at once it seemed to strike her that her own curiosity had not yet been satisfied. Throwing her arms round her father's neck, she began to pray so ardently,

that the fond father could not help complying with the wishes of his little termagant.

"And so, papa, you thought Rosa was a sister of Mr. Graham!" exclaimed she with a merry air—"Oh short-sightedness of mankind! I made it out at first sight. That was not a sisterly embrace. Am I permitted to show you how brother and sister embrace? Come here, Gabriella"—and stepping forward, she took her sister's hand, and shaking it with a hearty, but rather cool and formal air, she said in the same tone of drollery, "well, I am glad to see you, brother, I hope you are well? how is mother, well too? had fine weather—fine day—agreeable passage?"

There was something so gay, so playful in the buoyant spirits of the interesting girl, that even Gabriella could not help smiling, though with a tear glittering in her eye.

"At last," whispered the arch girl, "there appears again a smile, on the face of my fair heart-broken sister—Oh me! how much worse than barbarians you are! what wounds you cause!"

"Eleanor," exclaimed Gabriella, and a deep blush suffused her face, "how cruel you are!"

"I?" retorted the little termagant, in merry petulance—"here comes a troubadour, melts the heart of one poor girl, and captivates that of a second—and who is she?—my poor, poor—"

"Really! Eleanor!" exclaimed Gabriella, and her tears began to flow faster—"You are very indelicate!"

"Eleanor!" exclaimed both father and mother, in a reproachful tone.

But Eleanor already hung upon the neck of her sister, and her look implored her forgiveness so piteously, that the kind soul could not help granting it instantly. With a second turn, she sat down to the open piano; her tender fingers flew over the

keys with a swiftness that dazzled the eye, and after a tender prelude, she struck into the delightful air of "The Troubadour." Her voice began to warble the sweet notes; all turned towards the fair performer. Rosa sat near Madam Gentillon like one who was dreaming; she seemed hardly conscious of herself, among the lively and tender girls. As, however, the tones of the instrument spoke forth the harmonious notes of the air, her face began to brighten, her eyes to gleam, and her whole form appeared electrified—she listened with an expression, which seemed to anticipate, that joys of a higher description, and pleasures of a nobler taste, would brighten her thorny path. She rose, and glided with a light airy step towards the piano-forte, as if afraid of disturbing the fairy sound, and with a naive wondering gaze, she looked both at the singer, and the instrument, that uttered such harmonious concord. Again she retired, and sat down deeply musing. A tear stole from underneath her silken lashes, another followed; they were tears of inexpressible joy, that she had never shed before, and they produced that corresponding feeling of interest and respect, in the surrounding persons, which noble and tender souls never fail to pay to innocence and virtue.

CHAPTER XI.

Is this proceeding just and honourable?
SHAKSPEARE.

A COACH was heard rolling through the street. It halted before the door. Eleanor ran towards the window.

"It is Arthur?" shouted the buoyant and tender-hearted girl.

The news was received with an exclamation of joy by the company, and even the passive Madam Gentillon could not suppress her emotion. The Englishman alighted, bowed to a military gentleman who remained in the carriage, and entered the house. There was on his countenance, when he entered the parlour, a slight, melancholy seriousness visible, which, with the natural dignity and loftiness of his demeanour, rendered his appearance extremely interesting. It was the consciousness of having acted a noble part, tempered, however, by something like an unpleasant feeling. He paid his respects to the ladies of the house, and after grasping the hand of the senator in silence, he approached Rosa, who stood leaning on the sofa, without being able to move from the spot.

"My dear Rosa," said he, in a tone thrilling with emotion, "nothing shall ever more separate us."

Every one stepped back, and the family looked in silence, at the noble couple.

"Let us now, dear friends, forget the past and live in the present, and acknowledge thankfully the ways of Providence," said Madam Gentillon.

"Not a hair shall fall from our heads without he wills it," said Rosa.

Her tearful eyes were turned towards heaven, and again upon Arthur. The mother crossed her hands, and a general silence bespoke the deep feeling of all.

"I commit," said Arthur, after a pause, "my Rosa to the hands of the tender Gabriella, she will not reject so lovely a sister."

The girl blushed, and received Rosa in her arms. The senator understood the meaning of his guest, and seizing his arm, both gentlemen walked into the next room.

"I am so unfortunate," began the Englishman, "as to give my friends more uneasiness, than even the rules of politeness will allow."

"Sir," replied the senator, with a hearty shake of the hand, "do not speak here of rules, where an extraordinary case supersedes every rule. Pray speak without the least reserve."

"It is absolutely necessary for me," said the Englishman, "to leave the city to-morrow."

"Why to-morrow?" interrupted the senator; "I hope the general has not fixed the time?"

"Not exactly; but still in a manner that allows of no hesitation. Were even the recollections of a more pleasing nature, a circumstance has occurred, which calls me imperiously from hence."

"I hope the general has not contributed to make Mr. Graham's stay so unpleasing," returned the senator.

"Certainly not," replied the Englishman. He paused a moment, and then said, "I feel myself even obliged to his delicacy, for having treated the whole in private. I have spoken with him; but, sir, let us pass over these two last hours in silence."

He pressed the hand of the creole, and a long silence ensued.

"And why leave the city so soon?" resumed the senator.

"The pirate has made his escape," returned the Englishman.

"Then Mr. Graham must depart, indeed."

"Yes, sir," replied the Englishman, "I must, and wish to depart with Rosa, in silence, to-morrow."

"With Rosa?" demanded the senator.

"Yes, sir."

The senator shook his head.

"Sir," said he, "you would not expose this innocent being to the sneers of your countrymen?"

"My countrymen," returned the youth, "sneer sometimes, but never at innocence and virtue; I am, however, well aware of the impropriety of taking Rosa along, without a female companion, and yet to leave her is absolutely impossible. The future wife of Arthur Graham must not be stained, even by the slightest suspicion."

"The future wife of Arthur Graham?" repeated the senator, with a second shake of the head,—"has Mr. Graham thought on the disparity between himself and her? It would be indelicate, indeed, to doubt of his honourable intentions; but have you considered, and have your family?"

"I have," said the youth firmly. "The proudest duke in Great Britain would not hesitate to act, as I must, under the obligations that are upon me, even if my heart was less free."

"I honour your sentiments," returned the senator, "but I cannot approve of them. You owe her obligations, your life perhaps; but will you make her's happy? She is the most facinating being I ever saw; but she is a child of nature, and would play but a sad part in the fashionable circles of London, or of Kingston. Will your love stand proof against the sneers—pardon the expression—of your

cold-hearted fashionables; or, can the future representative of an ancient family, and, perhaps, of a noble house, bury himself in the recesses of a country seat? Believe me, sir, marriages then only prove happy, when temper, education, and even equality of rank, fortune, and birth, make us conscious of the claims of respect which the beloved object has not only upon us, but on the esteem of the world in general."

"True," said the Englishman, who, reluctantly, seemed to enter into the discussion of a settled point; "but, though my country is called the most aristocratical, and considered so, yet in this point, we differ entirely from the continent, and the best families will not think themselves degraded by a union, that would be deemed a misalliance in France."

"I know," said the senator, "that gold can effect any thing in your country, and brighten the most sullied character; but with Mr. Graham, I hope it to be different; and sensible as he is, he cannot but see, that he is going to involve himself and Rosa in a great risk, if he insists upon taking her along."

"This must be done, my dear sir," said the youth; "but we have not yet touched the very point of the question: from what I know, Rosa is, certainly, of a noble, and of a wealthy family. There are vestiges left in the hands of the Indians, that might put us in the way of finding out her parents."

"But, is Mr. Graham sure that the Indians will give up their claims?"

Arthur looked perplexed.

"And, in case they should refuse to do so, have we any coercive means? She is the adopted child of the Indian, and no law can force him into compliance with your wishes."

"Spare my feelings, my dear friend," exclaimed the youth, not without vehemence; "I should run

mad, at the mere thought of her being forced to return with these savages."

"I shall do all in my power, my dear Mr. Graham. But, perhaps it would be better for both of you, if—"

"That is settled, sir," said Arthur, with a strong air of impatience; "I am very happy to have gained her affection; I am proud of it. Love, you know, is the best teacher. She is but fourteen. One, or even two years, will put her on a level with the best educated young lady in the three kingdoms. I am well aware, that the future Lady Graham cannot, must not, be a shepherdess; but this will not be the case with Rosa. There is a delicacy, a strength of mind in her, that, I am sure, will point out to her the straight road through all the intricacies of high life."

The senator paced up and down the room.

"I will make you, sir, a proposal.—Leave Rosa with us; my family are delighted with her."

"It is impossible," said the Englishman, passing his hand over his forehead, on which large drops of perspiration bespoke the intensity of his feelings. "The mere mention of it would break her heart."

"Pshaw!" returned the senator; "girls' hearts are easily broken and repaired again."

"Mr. Gentillon would find it otherwise. No, sir; it would be worse than cruel, to play that game with her."

"Well," said the senator, "I will speak with madam Gentillon; perhaps she may be able to find a clue, that may lead us out of this labyrinth of embarrassments. But now let us return to our company—allons mon ami."

Arthur followed slowly and thoughtfully.

They found the circle of the family greatly increased. Eleanor stood at the side of a well-formed

young man with a rosy countenance. She tripped up to Arthur, and drawing herself a little up, assumed as grave an attitude, as her form, inclining somewhat towards fulness, would admit.

The new guests seemed to be intimate friends of the house.

"Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my brother," said she, with a droll and rather cold and formal air, "Major Gentillon of—of—

"The City Volunteers," subjoined a fine slender young man, with a pale, but healthy looking countenance, and a couple of black eyes. He shook hands cordially with Arthur.

"Here is a yankee," said she with a blush that spoke more than her words, and a voice that trembled a little, pointing at the same time to the young man, at whose side she had been standing, when the two gentlemen entered. "I hate these yankees," added she, in a sly whisper to the young man; the sound, however, was caught by our Captain Copeland, who had unceremoniously entered, and stolen behind her.

"I believe her," said he; "she will give poor Mr. M'Leaven trouble enough, I warrant ye."

"That man," exclaimed the merry girl, to the infinite satisfaction of the party, "is our trustworthy justice of the peace, in the county town of Opelousas, at present, captain of a company of militiamen, duly elected, and come down to fight the British." Shaking hands with him, she turned away.

"Well, lad," said the worthy old man, with a hearty laugh," I am glad to see thee again; thou art as honest, ay, and as true a lad, as ever trod in his own shoes, and hast more real blood in thy little finger, than would swim a horse, God bless thee! and should them British play thee pranks, come back to old Squire Copeland."

Arthur seized the hand of the old man, and shook it heartily.

The buoyant vivacity of the little mistress of ceremonies, was somewhat disconcerted in her flow of spirits, by the bluntness of the old man; but after a moment, she regained her former gaiety.

"That friend of ours," continued she, "is, to speak with the tongue of his own country, a gentleman from the great emporium of the north; I hope you know it?"

"New York," said the young man, returning the polite bow of the Englishman.

"And that gentleman is from our well beloved city of the Thees and Thous."

"Philadelphia," said the other.

She was again interrupted by Squire Copeland, who had now taken a stare round the saloon, and had at last become stationary before Rosa. The old man stood for a while, gazing with surprise at the maiden. An indistinct recollection seemed to float before his memory, but still he was uncertain, when she, who had considered him with no less attention, seized his hand, and spoke in her soft silver tones.

"And does not my white father know his Rosa?"

"Rosa!" exclaimed the astonished old man, "hang me, if she ain't Rosa, as she lives and moves." And he seemed really to have forgotten his twofold dignity and importance. He hugged her, and shook her hand, till the poor girl could scarcely help crying out.

"Oh, you must come with me," said he, "my old woman will get crazy with joy, ay, and so ye must."

"Ay, to be sure," interjected Eleanor, "and have a husking frolic, ay, and perhaps a dance too, a hopsesa. It will be charming, enchanting; they are very agreeable people in our much beloved town of Opelousas, that they are."

The whole company joined in a laugh.

"My tormentor again at my heels," said the squire, good-humouredly.

"Well, we will conclude a lasting peace."

"And break it again in half an hour," returned the squire."

"And be merry," replied she.

We now leave our friends, in the happy circle of congenial beings, in order to cast a glance at the levee, where the canoe was lying with its captives the pirates, the chief cause of the fortunate meeting.

CHAPTER XII.

Unsavoury news: but how made he escape?
SHAKSPEARE.

We left the canoe, with its inmates, in the charge of five of the Indians, four of whom were Oconees, and one a Pawnee. It lay near the margin of the bank, and at that part of the levee, where, at present, the first of the suburbs ends. At the time alluded to, however, the houses, or temporary frame dwellings, were but thinly scattered in these parts; decreasing gradually into a few single taverns and grog-shops, along the road that leads to the plantations, on the left bank of the Mississippi.

The dwellings were chiefly tenanted by retailing tradesmen, who kept grog and wine shops, called, in the language of the country, entertainments. They had gathered from all parts of the world, attracted by the warlike preparations; pretty much in the same manner, that, during a heavy gale, the sea-birds are seen hovering round the wrecking vessel, to pick up those remains which chance may have thrown in their way.

About two miles higher up, some battalions of militia were training. Some of the detached stragglers came, from time to time, strolling towards these grog-shops; with the laudable intention of filling the empty canteens, which they carried in their hands. The sullen downcast visages of these hardy backwoodsmen; and the air of contempt with which they looked at the bayonet, or short sword

that dangled from their left side, might have indicated, that the restraint of discipline, and of the unwonted exercise, began to lay heavy on these sons of the west, who had grown up in the most unbounded freedom.

Such of the traders, as were hazardous enough to trust themselves and their cargoes to the peril of being captured by the dreaded invaders, of whom they had, as may be imagined, the wildest notions, sold their raw produce with a quickness which showed, that they did not feel quite comfortable in this neighbourhood.

Thus there reigned in these outposts, which, at the present time during the same season, may be said to teem with bustling traders from every state, west of the Allegheny mountains—a comparative silence, which contrasted strangely with the hum and noise that resounded from the lower levee, not unlike the rushing sounds of a distant cataract.

The Indians sat in their usual listless manner, squatted on their haunches, their heads reclining on their hands, and these resting on their knees, with their guns between them; gaping occasionally at the straggling groups and individuals, as they passed them, without receiving, in their turn, more than a contemptuous side glance, which now and then one of the strollers deigned to cast upon them.

Even at the present time these unfortunate Parias of the west, are seen sauntering through the crowded streets of the city, without exciting more attention than gipsies would attract, in the northern shires of England. They come generally from the impervious swamps, their blankets flaunting round their dusky bodies, which, with the exception of a scrap of cotton tied round their thighs, present completely the state of nature. They dispose there of the hard-earned deer, beaver, or fox skins, and perhaps, dried haunches of venison, in the unthink-

ing way, that children would spend the piece of silver, which the untimely liberality of their parents has placed in their hands. They sell their commodities to the first bidder, commonly one of the lowest class of traders, or of those street victuallers, who fill the avenues between the cotton bales and sugar hogsheads, oyster and lemon shops, of the levee. A tumbler, filled with firewater, is the attraction for these poor deluded victims; and no sooner have they sold their hard-won earnings, for the fifth or tenth part of its real value, than they again throw the few silver pieces away for these gewgaws, with which, and perhaps a gaudy handkerchief tied round their heads, they are seen strolling about, and finally rolling intoxicated in the mud.

About half an hour might have elapsed since the Indians had landed, where one of these grog-shop keepers, whom the olive hue of his dry face bespoke to be a Spaniard, emerged from his haunt, and strolled slowly towards the Indians, who were sitting in the same unmovable indolence; giving no other sign of their existence, than an occasional turn of their head towards the lower part of the levee, where their chiefs had disappeared among the crowd. His curiosity was doubtless excited by the silence and unusual sternness of so many savages, whose dress bespoke them to be of a class far superior to those who were seen daily, and, which seemed still more strange to mine host, could look without emotion at delicacies glittering in red, yellow, and white hues behind the dirty windows. Holding a bottle in one hand, a tumbler in the other, he filled the latter with liquor, and presenting it to one of the Indians, after having tasted it himself.

The Oconee looked at his companions, and then at the man, with an expression in which desire, and an almost innate passion, seemed to struggle with

fear. A recollection of the consequences that had accompanied their late excess, and a glance at the Pawnee, who sat sternly by, and darted furious glances at mine host, got the better of his thirst; he turned away almost with horror.

The man, however, was not discouraged; stepping nearer, he held the tumbler close to his nose, trying whether his firmness could stand the proof. The Pawnee no sooner saw it, than he bounded from the ground and threw his lance forward with so threatening a gesture, as to make the host shrink back with a precipitancy which spilled the contents of the tumbler, and brought the bottle itself in imminent danger. Probably he would have given up his hospitable intentions, but just as the Pawnee was darting towards him; the wary eye of the olive-faced little man, caught a glimpse of a head, that rose from under the mat, with which the canoe was covered. It was rising, as it seemed, with difficulty, peeped round, and then sunk behind the cover.

The Spaniard retreated thoughtfully towards his shop. He had not yet reached it, when he was joined by a second inhabitant of the neighbourhood, probably impelled by the same laudable desire of offering his services. Both spoke together, and then they returned towards the canoe. The second, who was rather better dressed, and whose appearance and long whiskers denoted him to be an individual of the "great nation," began to show his politeness by the customary salutations, which he accompanied with a few Indian words, picked up in his intercourse with the red men. The Pawnee stood erect, his lance on his arm, and his stern, fierce eye fixed on the speaker, with an expression that but little concealed his suspicion. When the latter had exhausted his Indian vocabulary, the savage waved his hand disdainfully, and turned his back on the intruders. Again the head arose from behind the mat, and

peering out with a long, almost beseeching look, sunk again.

In the meanwhile, a flat boat had come down, and was seen floating at no great distance from the canoe. The boatmen looked for a landing place—the Frenchman hallooed to them, and then running up to a skiff that floated a few yards above the canoe, he untied the rope by which it was dangling, and leaped into it evidently with the friendly intention of assisting the crew, in their approach towards the bank. The skiff darted towards the canoe, and the Frenchman, as if with the intention of preventing a shock, laid hold of the light Indian bark. Again the head rose. It met the face of a countryman.

"C'est moi; c'est Lafitte; mille Napoleons," were the only words—whispered in so low a tone, that only the acute ears of the Pawnee, caught the indistinct sounds. Raising his lance, he would have darted it at the Frenchman, if his arm had not been caught by the Spaniard, who pointed significantly towards the manœuvring militiamen, and the crowd that hovered at no great distance from the spot—the arm of the Pawnee sunk. Shaking the Spaniard off, so that bottles and tumblers fell upon the sand, he motioned to the Oconees, and all the Indians moved into the canoe.

The skiff had, in the meanwhile, come up to the flatboat, and the united exertions of the boatmen soon brought it towards the bank, where they made fast a few yards below the canoe.

Both the Frenchman and the Spaniard seemed now tired of remaining any longer, as unprofitable spectators, and they went away. It was, however, not long before the latter returned again with a negro, carrying a portable kitchen with fuel, to establish one of these movable public tables, which we have mentioned, and which are still seen on the le-

vee. He lighted a fire, hung a couple of kettles filled with rice, and chops of mutton and of beef, over it, and seemed to pay no further attention, either to the Indians, or to the boatmen, who were rolling barrels and bales, with the usual vociferations attending this sort of navigation. When about a dozen barrels had been landed, the crew dispersed, only a couple of the men remaining. They threw themselves on the ground, lolling their heads into their hands, and looking in one and the same direction, with an indifference that seemed to have been borrowed from the Indians.

Perhaps an hour might now have elapsed, when from behind one of the frame houses two men advanced with a hurried, and as it seemed a doubtful step, looking at first warily round. As they approached the spot where the Indians lay, their steps became firmer, their mien more authoritative, and they advanced like men, who came on an official errand. One of these individuals was dressed in a military uniform, while the second, who kept a pace behind, seemed his attendant. When they had come up to the Indians, the apparent officer halted, and pointing to the canoe with a grave mien, he made the Indian a sign to follow him. The savage looked at the officer, without changing his posture. The Spaniard, who seemed all the while absorbed in the grosser affairs of his kitchen, turned towards the new comer, and had no sooner observed him, than he lifted his cap and bowed profoundly. The officer nodded complacently, and stepped up to the boatmen, and taking from his cocked hat a printed paper, he unfolded it, explaining in a few broken English words the nature of his errand, which related as he said, to custom house regulations. He went back again to the Indians, and beckoning to the Pawnee a second time, he marched away.

The boatmen had been listless and indifferent

spectators of the mute proceedings, but they had no sooner perceived the custom house officer, as they presumed him to be, turning again downwards, than they slowly arose, and striding towards the Pawnee, turned him with force towards the officers, accompanying their gesture with a sign that showed their own displeasure, at the contempt of their public affairs, and their disposition to force him into compliance.

The Pawnee looked for a moment at the sturdy backwoodsmen, whom he had seen coming from afar, again at the officer who was already at some distance, and proceeded without looking further behind, as if his scruples were overcome. Making to the Oconees a significant gesture, and pointing alternately at the Spaniard and at the canoe, he went after the officer, and the three personages were soon lost behind the frame houses.

"I wonder," said one of the backwoodsmen, "why them three officers ain't gone down on the levee? it ar the straight road; and what have them redskins to do with the custom house?"

"I warrant ye, they know their business, ay, and their road too," said the second, flinging a small silver coin to the Spaniard. Mine host filled the tumbler, and the boatman quaffed the gill down, smacking his lips—the Indians turned involuntarily. For some minutes, however, they seemed to feel the importance of their trust, and they turned away, as if afraid of looking at the seductive bottle. The second boatman now came, and after having taken the same libation, both threw themselves again on the ground.

The effect of the bad example was slow, but irresistible. One of the Oconees rose, and casting a doubtful glance round, as if afraid of being seen by the dreaded Pawnee, he stole towards the kettles, and, seizing the offered tumbler, swallowed its con-

tents with an avidity, that extorted a low contemptuous laugh from the backwoodsman. Another of his brethren followed, looking round in the same wary manner; a third and a fourth succeeded; still no Pawnee appeared, and their thirst got the upperhand of their fear. Again the first of the Oconees advanced with somewhat more assurance, and again the rest followed, till their draughts became so frequent, that they stretched themselves on the ground in a state of insensibility.

The obliging Frenchman came now sauntering towards the Indians, and casting an indifferent glance at the besotted savages, stepped hastily down towards the canoe, and lifted the mat.

"Monsieur Lafitte," whispered he.

The head rose again.

Putting his hand cautiously under the mat, he severed the thongs with which the arms of the pirates were pinioned, with a single effort, and dropping his knife and a small bottle into the canoe, he again stepped back on the bank.

For some time there was no sign of any movement, but, after a few minutes, a light stir betrayed that the prisoners were endeavouring to restore the circulation of blood in their limbs. As they had been only partially bound, during their passage down the Red river and the Mississippi, having alternately the free use of either of their hands, and of their feet, they regained their motion, sooner than was even expected by the Frenchman.

"These savages," said he to the boatmen, apparently with much concern, "are drunk as beasts: they will lose their guns, we must put them into the canoe." The boatmen remained in their listless attitude, without giving a reply. The solicitous Frenchman stepped down with the guns.

"Monsieur?" said he, "il est temps."

"Eh bien. Votre nom Monsieur?" demanded the husky voice of Lafitte.

"Louis Marseille."

"Vous avez ma parole d'honneur pour mille Napoleons."

"Bien—Depechez vous."

The Frenchman had scarcely ascended the bank, before the mat slided into the stream with a light rushing sound. The noise of the mat made the boatmen turn towards the canoe, that now darted across the stream like an animated being, impelled by the powerful hands of the skilful oar's-men, who regained with every stroke more of their former strength. For a moment they looked at the swift canoe, that became so suddenly peopled with a swarthy, weather-beaten, and suspicious looking race; then recollecting the custom-house officers, and the manœuvres of the Frenchman, they began to suspect foul play; they reared their double-jointed masses with more quickness than might have been expected from their sluggish nature, and jumping into their skiff off the flat boat, gave the fugitives full chase, without being in the least disconcerted by their numbers.

"Messieurs!" cried a man from the canoe, that darted already fifty yards before them, at the same time pointing a rifle towards them.

"D—n the Mesheers," cried the backwoodsmen, not in the least daunted by the sight.

But the canoe was too lightly built and too well manned, not to gain with every stroke of the oar on their pursuers; and after a few minutes of fruitless struggle, the two men returned again to their former station.

The sun was now setting. A crowd coming from the city, was fast thronging towards the upper levee. Amidst the glittering arms of the regulars, the

lofty forms of El Sol and Tokeah could be distinctly seen. A fierce, terrible yell burst from the throats of the Indians. The flat boat that lay below the canoe, had for a considerable time concealed the escape of the pirate, and it was not until they had gained the current of the stream, that it became visible to the keen eyes of the Indians. Leaving the regulars behind, they darted with immense leaps towards the spot where their drunken men lay, and arrived just when the boatmen had again landed. A glance at their brethren betrayed the whole—without hesitating a moment they threw themselves into the skiff.

But the pirates had too great an advantage over their pursuers, and notwithstanding the extraordinary skill of the Indians in handling their oars, and their still greater exertions, yet, such was the superior and almost flying swiftness of the birchen canoe, that the pirates were approaching the right bank, before the Indians had even passed a third of the stream.

There was, however, another point towards which the pirates turned their eyes with anxiety. Three ships lay at anchor near the shore, where they were to land. There was evidently a short consultation, and even indecision among them, of which their pursuers availed themselves, by doubling their efforts. The fierce yell that resounded nearer and nearer, cut short the consultation.

They pushed with renewed force towards the bank. As not the slightest stir on board these vessels was to be observed, the spirit of the fugitives seemed to revive. They were within gun shot distance, when they found the ships entirely deserted. The sailors had been called into the service of the country, and were enlisted in a marine company, which the commander-in-chief had thought it prudent to establish.

The last rays of the sun gilded the cypresses on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, when the canoe was seen darting through the opening that intervened between two of the vessels.

Repeated shouts from the left bank, had at last excited the attention of those who were on the right side. There were some groups of black people, and downwards, at a greater distance, a company of the militiamen, coming from their manœuvres, and the lines that were raising on the other side of the river. The pirates had, in the meanwhile, landed, and pushing the canoe back into the stream, they crawled up the bank, lifted their caps, and, making a low bow to their pursuers in true French style, they ran along the line towards the swamps, and in the same direction which Bambo had pointed out to Arthur Graham.

A troop of militiamen had come sufficiently near to intercept the fugitives, or at least to give them a chase; but the nimbleness of the Frenchmen, and their own lassitude, after a long exercise, as well as ignorance of what was going on, made them halt; and they looked now with a sullen curiosity towards the Indians, who were fast approaching. Stepping up closely to the margin of the bank, they permitted them to bound on land, and to come up, but their twenty rifles formed an impenetrable barrier against their further advance. The Indians looked round for the pirates, who were by this time lost to the eye behind the hedge, and again they pressed forwards.

"Softly! softly! red skins," hallooed one of the soldiers, who, to judge from his authoritative mien and the epaulettes on his jacket, was no less a personage than a sergeant. "Where to?"

"After the trail of the thieves of the Saltlake."

"Thieves of the Saltlake?" repeated the honest sergeant, shaking his head with that doubtful wis-

dom, that betrayed the good man had heard of land thieves, but not of thieves of the Saltlake. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"Pirates," replied the old chief. "The white warriors must not stay us."

"D'ye think them fellows are pirates?" demanded the worthy sergeant with the same doubtful shake of the head.

"The miko of the Oconees has said so—" and again he was pushing forward.

"Miko of the Oconees?" repeated the sergeant. "May be you are mistaken, in taking them there runaway men for pirates. Them men are any how in the swamps, and there they can fight a hundred such red skins as you."

"The chiefs will find them," said Tokeah, trembling with impatience.

"And who are you? and what business have you to command here in sight of the head-quarters?—Miko of the Oconees?—what's that to us? I reckon you won't tell us which is which?"

"Them are wary fellows," said another, "lurking about our camp, they want to get their pouches filled with gold from them Englishers, I warrant ye."

"Pirates?" roared a third; "d—d if ye take white men for pirates."

"Them are militiamen, who have escaped from this cursed business," roared a fourth, who had probably found but little comfort in the daily drilling.

"Stop, red gentlemen!" now cried the honest Tennessee sergeant, who felt it incumbent upon him to assume his authority, and to do the public a signal service, by intercepting such suspicious looking persons.

Though there had not many words been interchanged between the parties, yet they were drawled out so slowly on the part of the militiamen, as to

give to the pirate, even in the opinion of Tokeah, an advance, that would put it out of their power to come up with them.

A boat filled with regulars and their officers, had in the meanwhile landed, and the worthy sergeant began gradually to perceive his mistake; but the precious moments were lost—night had closed in.

"Well," said the sergeant, considerably crest-fallen, and in a tone still lower—"you may go and try your chance, but ten to one, they are gone; and if you find them, ye'll get but dry blows, and mayhap more. My men are tired; but, if you think—"

A sullen silence betrayed, that none were willing to go on so dangerous an expedition.

"It is too late," said the old chief, in a voice in which shame and ire, were fearfully mingled.

"And will the miko let his enemies escape?" demanded El Sol, with surprise in the Indian language.

"Shall the red men become the hunting dogs of the whites? Enough blood has been shed for them. Not a drop more shall flow. Does El Sol know the paths of these woods? Can his eye see the trail when all is dark? Does he want to see his braves killed by robbers?"

The old chief spoke these words with a decision, that sprung, perhaps, as much from hatred to his enemies, as some, not entirely subdued predilection for the pirate, who, notwithstanding the dark treachery, that had cost him his only child, kept still his hold on a mind, that in hatred as well as love, was impelled more by instinctive tenacity than reason. El Sol listened in silence to the talk of his father-in-law—making now a sign to his men, they returned to their canoe; which in the meanwhile had been brought back, and they recrossed the stream.

CHAPTER XIII.

But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault, that we cannot correct—
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER having traversed an immense tract of country under difficulties, which only Indians could overcome in so short a time, and in parts seldom or never trodden by human foot; the miko with his son-in-law had at last arrived at the place of their destination, as we have seen.

Their difficulties had begun as soon as they had issued from the Red river. The numerous mansions on the bank of the Mississippi, the scattered villages, the threatening mien of the black and white people, and the suspicious glances, with which they were measured on their passage; had augured to them an evil reception. These difficulties were by no means diminished, when they at last beheld the city, with its bustle and warlike preparations, and the thousands of brick and stone buildings, every one of which was considered by them as an impregnable fortress.

It was therefore with no little satisfaction, that the miko heard the well-known voice of his young white brother, the Englishman; and the desire of joining him, who might direct them in this civilized wilderness, contributed greatly to the haste, with which they darted after the steam boat. They were

driven off the bank with a contemptuous roar, that stung the proud chiefs to the quick. It was the first shock that their pride had received, and they landed under gloomy forebodings. They neglected none of those precautions, which they would have taken in their own villages; but, unacquainted with the mixed character of the population of the big village, as they called the city, they considered the prisoners as secure in the canoe, as if they had been in their own town. They doubted not in the least, that the pirates had escaped with the assistance of the whites, as they called the Americans, and that even the chief himself had connived at it. The coolness with which he had received the news, and the manner in which they had been arrested in their pursuit, confirmed them greatly in their suspicion.

When they had again landed on the left shore, they were received with a low, taunting laugh, that resounded from the idlers, who had gathered round the drunken Indians. The two chiefs exchanged significant glances, but their countenances betrayed not the least symptom of what was passing in their minds. Calm and proud, they disposed of the Oconees, by leading them with the rest of the men to the lodging which had been assigned to them, while they themselves, went, accompanied by the sergeant, to the residence of the general. He received them, surrounded by several officers of the staff, and his adjutants. His countenance had assumed an expression of condescension, that, equally far from supercilious haughtiness and forward familiarity, seemed calculated to inspire them with a salutary respect.

The Indians stood a considerable while before the general, who was alternately eyeing his visiters, in whose mien something like a calm sullenness was clearly legible; he opened the conversation by saying—

"The pirate has cheated the men of the two chiefs—I am sorry for it."

The Indians gave no answer, they kept their eyes fixed on the floor.

"But," demanded the general, "how has the pirate found out the path that leads to the wigwams of my red brethren?"

"The thief wanted to kill the buffalo and the deer," replied the old miko.

The general seemed satisfied.

"The chief of the white," resumed he, after a pause, "has weighed the words of his young brother, the chief of the Cumanchees, and has found them good. He has set his white brother free."

The countenance of the Cumanchee brightened with satisfaction. Tokeah, however, was unmoved to all appearance.

"And why did the miko of the Oconees take the promise from the youth, that he would not tell to the white men, where he has his villages. Are the Oconees rapacious wolves, that they hide themselves in their holes, afraid of being seen by daytime?"

"Does my great father like to show what is dear to him to thieves?" replied the old Indian. "The Oconees do not hide their wigwams from the white men, but from the white thieves who come to steal their cattle and their corn, and to burn their wigwams. They want to live in peace with them, and far from them."

"And the old chief has quitted the good lands of his fathers, and gone into a bad country on the Salt-lake, where the shells cut his mocasins."

"If the red man has a handsome woman who will not cook for him, and make his hunting shirt and his mocasins, he sends her back to her father's wigwam, and takes an uglier woman, who will do for him what he wants, and will not run after the young men. Tokeah," continued he, "has lived in the land of his fathers, and among the white men, with his people. If their horses or their cattle

went across the line, they durst not go and catch them, and if they did, the whites took their lives, as if they were buffalos. If the cattle of the white men came over our lines they came and took them, and those of the red men too. Tokeah cannot live with such men."

"But," said the general, "have the red men no bad brethren among themselves? There are bad men among every people."

"The red men," replied the Indian, "punish their bad men, and they drive them from their villages; but the white men," shaking his head, "take the part of their bad brethren. It is far to the great father, and he does not hear the cries of his red children; and Tokeah is therefore going where he will never see their trail."

"And so the chief of the Oconees is going to the Cumanchees, and has brightened the link with them?" demanded the general, as if willing to elicit something more from the reserved old man.

The chief of the Cumanchees," said the old man, in a melancholy tone, "is the son of the miko; he took into his wigwam, her whom he had delivered from the fire death."

"Where is the woman?" demanded the general.

"She is now laid low," replied the Indian.

"And how came this about?"

"The balls of the pirate have pierced her heart."

A long pause ensued. The general had probably caught a glimpse of the further views of the old chief, whose inveterate enmity towards the white was so clearly legible in his mien; and perhaps with the intention of impressing El Sol with a better opinion, he said.—

"There is no doubt that the red men have suffered in some points from the whites, but they have certainly done as much wrong to us as we did to them.

They should remember that we are as lawful possessors of the land as they are, and certainly the strongest. We could have made them slaves, and sent them into our mines as the Spaniards did. We have left them their lands, and treated them as brethren."

"The Great Spirit," returned the old chief, "has made the big river run from where the snow falls, towards the land where the sun shines very warm, and burns the face of man. He has given to the red men, and to the white men plenty of lands. Why are the white men never satisfied, and stretch out their hands for what belongs to their red brethren, and take, with every summer, more of the lands where their fathers are buried?"

"The whites have bought their land from the red men, and it is therefore their just property."

"They have made the red men drunk with their firewater, and then cheated them out of their lands," replied the old Indian.

"Chief," said the general, not without vehemence, "the Great Spirit has made the lands for the white men, and for the red men, that they may live on the fruits which grow on the earth, and dig the soil, and plough the ground; but not for hunting grounds, that some thousands of red men may find deer, where millions of happy people might live peacefully. If you keep those lands which are left to you, and plough and hoe the ground, you may live as well as we do, and as independently as we live—you will have the same right as we have. But if you choose a roaming hunting life, you must abide the consequences, and look for the desert."

"The Great Spirit has made very big spiders in the country where Tokeah lived," said the old Indian, "and many of them will kill a bird. These spiders said to the red bird, look, we will let you alone, and we will not break the peace with you, but you

must not tear our nets. The poor red birds kept in their nests, and waited there for a long time. Hunger drove them out of it. When they stirred, they found all the woods overrun with the nets of the big spiders, and the poor red birds fell into them; and the big spiders sucked out their blood, and made them die a slow death. The whites are the spiders, the red men are the red birds. Their tribes were many, but they are swept from the face of the earth; they died by the firewater, and the cunning of the whites. Tokeah will go far from them."

"That you may do, as I told you," said the general, whose ire began to increase, "the white men will not sow briers in your path whatever your designs may be; but I want you to know, that we are both generous in rewarding our friends, and have sufficient power to punish our enemies."

When he had spoken these words, he turned from the old man towards the young chief, and having a while paused, he said—

"My young brother is again going to join his people. He will tell them how much the chief of the whites, honours the young warrior, who has been just towards his white brethren, and he will brighten the link between the white and the red men."

He stepped towards the table, took a gold medal suspended by a silken band, and hung it round the neck of the young warrior.

"Take this," said he, "as a token of friendship from the white chief, and be in future as you have been hitherto, the friend of the white people, and if you again see a victim oppressed, then remember the donor, and hasten to his relief."

The Indian suffered the medal to be hung round his neck, and then laying his left hand on his breast, he took with his right, the hand of the general, and putting it on his forehead, he bowed. He then stepped back.

"The chief of the Cumanchees goes on a long path, and he will not see the great white chief any more, of whom the tongue of the red men talks, as of one of the greatest warriors. But he will tell his Pawnees of the Toyask village, of the great and just chief of the whites, that they may spare the lives of his brethren. But," added he, and his mien assumed a loftiness that startled even the tried veterans, "my great father may tell his brethren, that they must never cross the waters which Wacondah has made to separate the red from the white men. El Sol must do as Wacondah and his father have bidden. The chief of the Cumanchees could not save the brethren of the great chief."

"Farewell, noble youth!" said the general, stretching out his hand, which was taken by the young man with marked deference.

All the officers shook hands with him, and the general, waving his hand to the miko, both chiefs again left the saloon, followed by the orderly, who conducted them to their lodgings.

CHAPTER XIV.

A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE night passed to both our parties, in a state of mind little different from that of a prisoner of war, who is on the eve of setting out for his home. The Indians looked at the splendid dwelling and entertainment, which the liberality of their white father had provided for them, with a momentary curiosity; again relapsing into that state of excitement, that might be compared to the inquietude with which the king of the African desert is seen, pacing up and down his iron cage, warily glancing at every opening that could give him a chance to break forth.

Arthur Graham and Rosa were scarcely less agitated. There were many causes that contributed to banish sleep from the eyes of the Englishman. This interview with the general, had left a deep impression on his mind, mixed with a feeling of humbled pride. He had, no doubt, been treated in a just and lawful manner; but, at the same time, it seemed with a coldness, the remembrance of which, still caused a chilling sensation in the heart of the chivalrous Englishman. To this humiliating, at least not very pleasing, thought, came the idea of a dear mother, whose heart might be broken at the loss of her two only children, of his sister, and then of Gabriella, whose tearful eye betrayed the pang, which tore her bosom—Rosa herself, too, of whose ulterior, he was still uncertain. "Will they give

her up?" did he repeatedly ask himself, "will they not force her back? and, if they do—"

His heart shrunk from further thoughts.

Similar were the fears of Rosa, though her agitation sprung from another source. She loved so deeply; every pulse throbbed for Arthur; it was her first, her only love, and she gave herself up to the glowing passion in the sweetest anticipation. But he was, she now felt more than ever, so much above her; he moved so gracefully among the fair creoles; he had attracted the eyes of the fairer of the two. Love is sensitive, and the long, lingering glances of Gabriella had not escaped her. Her heart saddened at the thought of her own unworthiness and simplicity. She was but a child of the forest, simple and uneducated.

Such, and similar fears, agitated the poor maiden, and kept her awake through the night; morning had not yet dawned, when she sprung from her couch, and resumed her dress; she paused, and listened; no sound was to be heard in the house; all was buried in sleep and silence. She sat down and watched another hour, and now footsteps were heard; some one came up stairs, she opened the door, it was a female servant.

"Where is Arthur?" demanded she, with a low whisper, as if afraid of being overheard.

"In his room," answered the girl.

"Tell him to come to Rosa, she is waiting for him," said the innocent maiden.

The negro girl shook her head.

"A gentleman," said she, "must not go into a lady's sleeping room."

Poor Rosa blushed deeply.

"I will tell Bambo," said the girl, "but I must not go there."

She went down, and returned again in a few mi-

nutes, saying, that the gentleman was dressed, and wished to see her in the drawing room.

"Oh! lead me there," she said, tripping after the girl.

She entered, when Arthur and the senator walked from the second door into the room.

The morning salutations were whispered scarcely audibly. Rosa slipped on a pelisse, and taking the arm of the senator, they went down stairs followed by a servant. They knew what awaited them—and not a word was spoken. The streets were deserted, the pale flickering light of a not yet extinguished lamp, announced the morning twilight. Scarcely a human form was to be seen, except the sentinels, who paced up and down at their posts. They found a waiter stationed before the public house, who conducted them into the parlour, where the Indians sat assembled in deep and grave consultation. The young chief rose, and advanced towards the entering visiters to receive Rosa, whom he led to the settee close to Tokeah, and pointed silently to two empty chairs. Arthur surveyed, for a moment, the Apollo like form of the lofty young Indian—the complete picture of a noble highland chief, but for his colour—and then sat down, not without uneasiness. The old miko had scarcely looked up, and continued in his deep musing. After a long pause he turned his head, and looking round, said in the Indian tongue—

"Where is the White Rose, whom Tokeah picked up from among the horses in the woods? Has she forgotten the beaver skins which the miko gave to the white trader, that she might drink of his woman's milk, and not wither away for want of food."

Rosa began to look pale, at the words.

"Tokeah," continued the old man, "took her into his wigwam, and made her the foremost among the girls of the red men.—"

Again he paused.

"Shall the old miko have no daughter? Will the White Rose leave her father, who has given her food, and follow a stranger? Who will cook his venison when he returns from the hunting grounds?—Tokeah has given the White Rose to a great chief, that the heart of the old miko may find joy in his children, and that their voices may sweeten his days, when he shall be no longer able to hunt the buffalo."

"Father!" exclaimed Rosa, writhing with agony.

"Here is the bravest of the braves," said the old chief, rising slowly, and with solemnity taking her hand, and laying it in that of El Sol.

Arthur and the senator stood in mute and dreadful suspense. Without comprehending his words, they understood their meaning; yet, such was the stern solemnity of the withered, ghastly-looking old man, that they sat riveted, in breathless anxiety, without being able to move.

El Sol had listened, all the while, with a forbearance, which, though evidently painful to him, was too essential a part of good breeding with an Indian, not to be strictly observed. He received the hand of Rosa; arising at the same time, and turning to the old miko, he said in a low solemn tone—

"Wacondah has spoken; his voice calls El Sol to the prairies of the Cumanchees; he will find a wife there, as his father did. The sons of El Sol shall be wholly Cumanchees. Never will he lead a wife into his wigwam, whose heart is turned to another. El Sol has already staid too long with the White Rose; he has beheld her—he will never forget her; but he must not look at her any more."

He led the maiden, in silence, towards Arthur, who arose and grasped her hand.

"My young brother," said he, in broken Eng-

lish, "has kept what he has promised to the miko, and El Sol will keep what he has promised to Canondah, his daughter, who is laid low."

The young chief returned again to the settee, and sat down.

"Listen, then," resumed the old man, in the English language, "that you may remember the talk of the miko.—When the White Rose lay beneath the horses and their hoofs, on the road that leads from the big village where we are now, through the country of the Choctaws, she was a sucking babe, who could not tell the tale, how she came into the hands of the miko of the Oconees, and who were those that gave her birth. Tokeah has watched for his daughter more than for his life. His thoughts ran otherwise; but the Great Spirit has spoken with the tongue of his son, and his voice must be fulfilled. There is the talk, which the miko of the Oconees, held with one of the traders, that it may be remembered, and not die with him."

He handed the youth a paper, sealed with a wafer, in which the chain was enclosed.

"The red men," continued he, "know their brethren from their paint, the white know them from their clothes. There are the clothes which the White Rose wore, when Tokeah saved her from the knives of his people. They will show to you the father, whose child she is. The thief of the Salt-lake, has robbed my young white brother and his sister. He will find," said he, pointing to the travelling trunk, "what the thief has sent into the village of the red men. My brother," added he, "is a true friend of the red men; his tongue is not forked. What the great chief of the Cumanchees has done, no white man would do.—Be it so! Will my brother clear the path of the White Rose from briers? and will he lead her into his lodge as his only wife?"

He cast a searching glance at the youth, when he spoke the words.

"I will," replied the Englishman. "I will give you my word of honour, that her whom I take from your hands, is my truly beloved wife, so help me, God!"

The old man raised himself up, and placing his hands on the forehead of Rosa, he said in a low voice—

"Farewell, my daughter. May the Great Spirit clear your path from briers!"

She threw herself on the neck of the old man, and hung there for a while speechless. He suffered it. She then turned, with the humblest grace towards El Sol, crossed her hands on her bosom, and bowed. Not a word more was spoken; the Indian sat silently down. The senator took the rifle and the knife, with the rest of the fatal Indian outfit, from the servant, and laid it on the floor, and then left the room.

When they came down stairs, they found two Indians with the trunk and the packet. The carriage of the senator was at the door. The servants put both articles into it, and it rolled, again, homewards. The morning had, in the meanwhile, advanced, and when they entered the drawing-room, they found the family assembled. The parting scene, however, had left a deep impression on their minds, and they received the morning compliments in silence. Eleanor tripped round and round, with a face that was a little soured; her curiosity had been put to a hard trial, and was, in fact, the only motive of her early rising: her noisy movements had awakened the whole house, mother, brother, and sister. As soon as she understood the principal persons had again escaped, without begging her leave—she could keep silence no longer.

"Where have you been, papa?" demanded Eleanor, a little nettled, that they had gone without asking her leave. "Very soon, I shall believe, that we are in an enchanted castle. Nothing but mysteries. Here we are running up stairs, and down stairs, and looking, and waiting, and you are all over the city."

Rosa flew on her neck.—

"Oh, do not be angry; we saw my father."

"Father?" demanded Eleanor, "you do not mean the Indian?"

"Yes," replied Rosa.

"Oh, do not call that nasty savage, father."

"That is not the voice of my Eleanor," said the senator, with rather a stern accent. "Few fathers would have done what these Indians did."

He explained now to his family, what he had just witnessed.

Eleanor had tripped up to the window, and saw the trunk and packet carried into the house. Its exterior was too promising, not to excite the curiosity of the merry girl: she opened the room of the saloon, and went into the corridor.

The senator cast a significant glance at Arthur.—

"There is some attractive power," whispered he, with a smile—"we must satisfy the troublesome girl."

The servants brought both trunk and box into the drawing-room.

"Do you like to see Indian fashions?" demanded the creole of his daughter, while the servant opened it.

The girls tripped towards the open trunk, with an awe with which a connoisseur would approach the veiled painting of a Raphael d'Urbino. Eleanor lifted one of the robes with a sort of respect, that extorted from her father a fit of laughter.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed she, "where does that come from?"

"Not from the Indians, certainly," said the planter.

"And that?" taking another. "But what is this?" catching up the morocco casket.

"Indian beads, in all probablity," returned the planter.

Arthur opened it—a necklace of brilliants, with bracelets and ear-rings of sparkling stones, dimmed their eyes, and attracted even the attention of the creole.

"They are, indeed, beautiful; worth more than a hundred thousand franks," said he. "See, Eleanor, in what manner the Indians provide for their children."

"Oh! tell me," said the girl, with an air of droll impatience—"where such as these are made?"

"In London," replied Arthur, "and for my sister."

"Oh, they will exactly suit Rosa!" exclaimed the girl, taking at the same time the measure of Rosa. "Come, now, child! come! we must dress you—we have every thing; come!—come!" and each of them taking hold of Rosa, ran with her to their apartment.

When the troublesome spirits were gone, Arthur unfolded the packet. They left the child's dresses to the examination of Madam Gentillon, and began to pore over the writing—which they deciphered, with no little difficulty. It stated that the miko of the Oconees, while still living on the lands of his fathers, met on the road that leads through the country of the Chocktaws, from the big village of the white men, on the endless river, a party of warriors of the Chocktaws of the six villages. In the midst of them, were four white men and three white women, one of whom, was very young, and very ten-

der, mounted on horses. A fight ensued between the Oconees and the Chocktaws, who were at war, and the latter were put to flight. That the four white men, who had killed many braves of the Oconees, were caught by them and scalped with the women; none but the child was saved. The clothes of the women, were very fine, says the same manuscript, and they got for them and their beads, a great many blankets and guns. Here the information ceased. There was no date, no name whatsoever.

"The information," said the senator, "is precious, and may lead to disclosures. But let us see farther."

They now examined the gold chain; it was of Mexican workmanship, and of extraordinary fineness. On it hung a plain medallion, on the one side of which was engraved a coat of arms, surmounted with a coronet—three Saracen heads, with a sabre over them. On the other side were engraved the letters, "J. d'A."

"This coat of arms," said the senator, who prided himself not a little on his descent from an old French family. "This coat of arms shows clearly an ancient family. I understand something about heraldry. But the medallion is too thick for its small size—it must open."

He tried it on several sides; at last forcing a needle into the narrow edge—it opened, and a gentleman in Spanish uniform, with the cross of the Order of Calatrava appeared—but still no name.

"It is the portrait of her father, there is no doubt. Her very features. She is certainly of a good family; but how she came into the woods of the Chocktaws, is really beyond my comprehension."

"Mr. Graham," said Madam Gentillon, who had likewise finished her task, and with no better success; "I have been so fortunate as to find out a person who will answer your wishes and ours.

Madam Grillard has relatives in Jamaica, and she intended long ago to pay them a visit. I sent yesterday for her, and she is quite willing to accompany you, provided she is permitted to do so by the general."

"There is little question about that," replied the senator. "I am really glad of it. Without female companions, I could not see how you were to take her along. Delicacy towards those, with whom we are going to enter into closer ties, is the daughter of respect, and the mother of happiness. It will, however, be necessary to lay the case before the commander." He sat down and wrote a few lines, which he gave to a servant. "I am afraid," said the senator, "you will have a hard game with the girls. They are so fond of her, that I am sure, the mere mention of parting, will fall heavy on them—they are just coming."

The trio returned with Rosa, again metamorphosed. A light green riding-dress, enclosed her sylph-like form, and was bound round her waist by a girdle, with a gold aigrette. She moved with an easy, graceful step towards Arthur, and looking timidly, and yet confidently up to him, said—

"See, what my sisters have done with poor Rosa," laying at the same time, her hand on his arm.

"Fie, for shame!" whispered Eleanor—"you must not do that."

"Why not?" said she, clasping his arm still faster, as if afraid, lest he might escape her.

"Be a little more distant, a little more proud, and cold—you must, by no means, show to the lords of the creation, as they call themselves, what is passing in this weak corner," pointing to the heart.

"But Rosa cannot conceal, what her heart speaks so loudly."

"Mistaken child," said the vivacious girl. "But

we will teach you—in six months you will be a proficient scholar."

"But she departs to-day," said the senator.

"Who?" asked both Eleanor and Gabriella, in a tone, whose vehemence but little concealed their unpleasant sensations.

"Rosa—perhaps, in a few hours."

"How, papa?" said Eleanor, "you again jest with your poor girls; but if you knew how you are tormenting us, you would not do it."

"I speak truth," said the senator.

For a while the girls looked at their father, then at Rosa, and again at Arthur, with a mien, in which the most unpleasant surprise was strongly depicted.

"And is it really so? And will you Mr. Graham leave us, and take Rosa with you?"

"I must," said Arthur—"a dear, and perhaps a heart-broken mother, and my poor sister, demand it imperiously."

"Oh! you may go," said Eleanor, a little peevishly, "but leave us Rosa—you cannot take her along with you."

"All the preparations are made—Madam Grillard will accompany Rosa," said the father.

"Do not leave us, Rosa," begged both girls, each taking her by an arm. "Remain with us, Rosa—Arthur will soon return."

"Return! and Arthur will go without Rosa," said she, slowly, as if afraid of giving utterance to her fears.

Her eye became dim, her whole countenance had changed into a deadly paleness; Arthur flew towards her; he placed his arm round her.

"Arthur will not go without Rosa," said he, in a soothing tone, "nothing shall again separate us."

For a moment she looked up to him, as if doubting his words. When, however, his open confiding eye met hers, she said,—

"Arthur must not go without Rosa. It would break her heart," laying her hand on her bosom—"Arthur has promised her red father, to become a brother to her."

"It would not do," said the creole—"it would really break her heart."

The certainty of losing their new friend, and more especially Rosa, whose transcendent beauty, and harmless innocence had won the hearts of all the family, threw a gloom over the circle, which soon brought tears into the eyes of the girls. The breakfast passed over in deep silence, as did the following hour. It seemed a second, to those who wished to prolong it to years.

Madam Grillard now made her appearance. She was an elderly lady, of the true French school; she had spent the greatest part of her life in educating the children of the wealthier creoles; she entered her office as duenna, almost as soon as she came into the parlour, by casting a half forbidding look at Rosa, whose hand was still locked in those of Arthur.

"And so soon ready," demanded the senator.

"Happily I kept myself in readiness," returned the lady, "though it was intended my journey should take another direction."

"Ah! I understand, up the Mississippi. I trust, the Englishmen would not be so ungallant as to plunder our ladies."

"The French," said she, "are the most gallant people, and yet—"

"True," said the senator.

"However!" exclaimed Eleanor, who had tripped to the window—"you do not intend to take all these moveables to Jamaica, madam?"

"And where else, miss?" returned Madam Grillard, sharply.

"Come and see, papa," said the droll girl, a tear still twinkling in her eye.

A wagon, loaded with a dozen trunks, and a dozen more boxes, halted before the house.

"You cannot take these things to Jamaica," said the senator, who, notwithstanding his efforts, could not suppress a smile. "They would freight a boat of twenty tons burden—you have but one carriage, and I am uncertain whether I shall be allowed to send mine along."

"Charming!" exclaimed Eleanor, "that will gain us another hour."

But it passed as quickly as the former, and Madam Grillard returned sooner than was expected, with her diminished stock; still sufficient, however, to affright a poor gentleman, who was destined to sit in a carriage, blocked up on every side, with such agreeables.

The senator now sent word to the adjutant, at Arthur's request. He soon made his appearance in the carriage of the commander; after having saluted the company, he said to Arthur:—

"The general has directed me to deliver his best wishes to Mr. Graham, and the young lady, for a happy journey. He has not the least objection to the departure of Madam Grillard."

The Englishman bowed politely.

"I am further to inform Mr. Graham, that the commander of the British forces, has expressed his desire to have as soon as possible the pleasure of seeing Mr. Graham. His carriage will be waiting half way between the two camps."

The information was received by the Englishman, with another silent bow.

The hour of separation was now come. The regret was unfeigned, and fell heavy on the whole noble-minded family. It was long before Arthur could

tear himself from the almost paternal embrace of the creole. The parting scene with Madam Gentillon, was shorter, but not less affectionate. It was still shorter with Eleanor. He now took the hand of Gabriella.

"The interest," said he, in a low whisper,—"which the noble Miss Gentillon has taken in my fate, at a period when I seemed to deserve it so little, will for ever be one of my sweetest recollections."

"Mr. Graham," said Gabriella, with dignity, "was unhappy and suffering, and this gave him a claim to the sympathy of—"

The senator now approached, and cut short a scene, which, he felt, could not but increase the heart-ache of his daughter.

"Rosa," said Mrs. Gentillon, while she held the maiden in her arms, looking mildly into her face—"you have no father, no mother, on the wide earth. Your father is in heaven—love him, that he may never desert you; may you never lose your innocence in the refinement of the world, and if heaven ever calls you to the important duties of a wife, and of a mother, be as good and as virtuous a matron, as you are a child—God bless you!"

The mother passed the sobbing maiden into the hands of her daughters. The adjutant stood a silent and respectful spectator. He had waited for a quarter of an hour, and had even retreated into a corner of the drawing-room, in order not to disturb the parting moments of this excellent family. The senator observed him, and separating the lovely girls, he said—

"Come, it is time—our friend is waiting."

They moved slowly towards the door, as if desirous of postponing their separation for a few moments longer. The carriage of the general, with that of the senator was waiting; the latter, loaded

with the moveables of Madam Grillard. By the side of the coachman sat Mirza, the favourite slave of Gabriella.

"How is this?" exclaimed Arthur, pointing to the girl.

"You are likely to want her," said the senator. "There will scarcely be a superfluity of female servants in your camp."

"Farewell! generous, kind-hearted beings!" exclaimed Arthur, overpowered by so much kindness and attention.

Both the gentlemen helped the ladies into the carriage, and stepped in after them. Once more they waved their hands; the carriages then wheeled round, and rolled towards the levee, along the road we have mentioned. They passed the lines, and about a mile from the American breast-works, the equipages of the English commander were waiting. The heart of Arthur beat high, his blood ran more quickly, when he again beheld the brilliant uniform of Old England. A tear rolled down his cheek, and as the carriage halted, he threw himself in speechless emotion, into the arms of the English adjutant. For a moment both the young men held each other embraced; they then hastened to the carriages to help the ladies to descend. When they had alighted, Arthur seized the hand of the American adjutant, and said, in a mild dignified tone—

"My humble thanks are due to you, sir; will you assure your general of my high respect?"

The gentlemen bowed, and they stept into their carriages. They rolled slowly towards their respective camps, to give the other two carriages time to come up with them.

CHAPTER XV.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load—
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
SHAKSPEARE.

We again return to the Indians, whom we find pursuing their way towards the banks of the Mississippi, followed by their warriors and a couple of black men, who carried the provisions which the commander had ordered for them.

Tokeah cast, from time to time, an involuntary, lingering look into the doors and windows of the houses; as if he wished to meet an object, that had become necessary to him from habit. Gradually as they emerged from the mazes of buildings, and approached the rising ground, their steps became quicker, their gait more firm. It seemed as if the purer air imparted to them new strength for their hazardous and long journey. They had now a course of more than eight hundred miles before them, and had to ascend the Mississippi, whose strong current was against them. When they arrived at the fatal spot where their canoe was lying, they found the Pawnee seated under the bank; but without arms, and almost without dress. A shout of joy burst from the followers of El Sol. The chief turned sternly towards his men—

"The red men must not be the laughing stock of the whites," said he, casting a significant glance at a group of idlers, who had assembled round them.

The Pawnee warrior had risen, and advancing to-

wards the chief with a downcast look, stood silent.

"The cunning of the thieves was very great, to cheat so brave a warrior," said El Sol, in a soothing tone.

The warrior looked up into the face of the young chief, as if to read its expression, and then laid his left hand on his bosom.

"Sheyah!" continued he—"it is not good for the Pawnees to stay longer with the white serpents. We will go to the hunting grounds."

"And, are the thieves gone?" demanded the Pawnee, with an annihilating glance at the Oconees. "They would not have cleared their path, if Sheyah had not been put on a false trail."

"The Oconees are the brethren of the Pawnees, and of the Cumanchees," said the young chief—"my brother's eye must not look dark on them."

They entered their light canoe and proceeded on their voyage. Ten weary days had elapsed before they beheld the mouth of the Red river; on whose banks the village of the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe lay. They had still more than four hundred miles to ascend the stream. Just above the junction of the two mighty rivers, and on the opposite bank, there is a cove, formed by a protruding bluff; on the upper side of which, the current of the main stream rushes with impetuosity; turning suddenly to the right, to receive its new and last great tributary. There the canoe directed its course at the bidding of Tokeah. The aged chief, always taciturn and stern, had, since the loss of both his daughters, become more so; he was absorbed in thought, and seldom did a word escape him. The young chief had watched the hapless, lone old man, with increasing tenderness. When the canoe had gained the little harbour, where hundreds of vast trees were riding quietly at anchor,

the old chief pointed to an immense cotton tree, whose prostrate trunk stretched down into the river, with its top buried in the mud. The canoe glided swiftly through the trees and halted at the point. The old man swung himself on the tree, and crept up the bank, followed by El Sol and the whole band. When he had reached the bank, he threw himself on the ground and lay for a minute motionless. The warriors stood round him; their eyes riveted on the miko, their heads sunk on their chests, their hands folded together, but not a sound broke the solemn silence.

"Earth!" groaned the old man, still lying on the ground, and the wind raising his glossy, silvered hair—"earth that hast seen the suns of him who gave birth to the son of the red men:—Tokeah, greets thee! Earth! where she is mouldering, whose breast he has sucked:—Tokeah, hails thee! The master of thy boundless forests, was he born; the miko of a mighty people, was he chosen, as his fathers were. A fugitive, he now stands on thy last boundary; an outcast from thy bosom, a stranger to thee, and to the graves of his fathers. Great Spirit, why hast thou done thus?—For countless summers the fathers of the Oconee have hunted on the banks of these waters, and swayed over a mighty people. Why must Tokeah wander into the wilderness, and turn his back on the land of his fathers? Why must the memory of him and of his race be torn from the earth? Speak, Great Spirit! Let Tokeah have a sign, that he may know thy will!"

The old man looked up to the wide vault of heaven with an imploring eye. It was overcast, the north blast moaned through the forest. Tokeah's eye became wistful. Again he sunk on the ground; a cold shudder seized him.

"Great Spirit, forgive!" muttered he, "thou

lookest dark on Tokeah, because he talks like a child."

The chief now rose with majesty, and motioning to his friends, he said, with a melancholy solemnity—

"Seven summers have passed, since the miko of the Oconees turned his back on the land, where his forefathers dwelt. Two times he has crossed the big river since, unseen, alone, to lie on the graves of his fathers; he was hunted like the rapacious panther that seeks its prey. It is for the last time, that he now stands on the lands where his fathers have lived. While he was in the great village of the white men, and in the painted walls of the wigwam, where their chief had put him with his brethren, his head rolled restless on the couch that was prepared for him, by the enemies of his race. 'Go,' said the spirit of his father, who dwells in the green prairie; 'go to my grave, and collect from it the bones of him who gave life to thee, and of her whose breast gave thee suck; take them from their dark abode, and from those who scorn them, and who send their hoofed beasts to tread upon them. Let them repose in the same ground where my son and his people are dwelling, and rest them among the bones of the red men. Be not afraid of moving them; no curse shall attend thee.' Tokeah arose," continued the chief, "when the spirit had spoken to him, and his soul was troubled. Again he laid down on the couch of the white men. 'The hoe,' said the spirit of his father, 'has passed over the hillock of death, where thy father lies; a short time, and his bones will be cast from it, and scattered in the winds.'"

"El Sol," said the old man, turning towards the young chief; "Tokeah must do what the spirit of his father has bidden, he must take the bones of his father; that they may rest undisturbed. He must

leave the chief of the Cumanchees for six suns, and go to the plain, where his father lies buried."

El Sol listened respectfully.

"Has the spirit of his father spoken to the miko of the Oconees?" demanded he, after a pause, with a voice, whose low sounds resembled the rolling of the distant thunder.

"He has," said the old man.

"Then he must obey his vows. Great,"—added he, and an involuntary shudder shook him—"great is the curse that hangs over those who move the bones. Their people turn with horror from them, and their names are cursed from father to son. But, if a father has spoken, the son must obey. El Sol, and his men are the brethren of the miko, and they will go with him."

"The path of El Sol," said the old man, "lies towards the setting sun, that of Tokeah, towards his rising. El Sol is the son of the miko, but his eye must not dwell on the defaced hillock, where his father is buried."

"Never shall El Sol look at the shame of his father," said the young man, "but he would follow the miko, and stop far from the grave—and he will wait there till his father returns."

The old chief made an assenting nod, and the party moved towards the rising sun. With the morning of the fourth day, they found themselves on the foot of the mountain, into which the vast plains of Georgia swell, as they approach the Oconee river.

"Does my son see," demanded the old man, when they had emerged from the immense forest, through which their journey had led them—"yonder big hills whose tops are clad in the morning mists? Behind these is the valley, where the bones of the miko's father repose."

"The miko must go then," said El Sol.

"No, my son," replied the old man. "When the corpse of the father of Tokeah was laid low—then the great prophet of his people spoke a curse on those, who would bring his bones in the light of the radiant orb, and make them white with shame. The light of heaven must no more behold them—they were given unto the dark, and they must be lifted in the dark. Let us tarry till the radiant orb is beneath the world."

The old man muttered a few words to his Oconees, and they ran off on different sides, returning soon with a load of bark. They sat silently down, and joined the bark together into the form of a small coffin, which they covered inside and out, with the skins of the deers they had killed the day before. A beam of satisfaction gleamed through the withered countenance of the old man, when he saw the coffin finished. He fastened a broad thong on both ends.

"In the bark of thy native woods, and clad in the skins of those deers which thou hast hunted—thou shalt repose," said he.

He then laid himself down, to enjoy that rest which he wanted so much, after the toils of a long and hazardous journey, and his woes of mind. When night had closed in, the old man rose, and laying the coffin on his shoulder, beckoned to his Oconees, and proceeded towards the grave of his father.

It was near midnight when they arrived in the valley. The waning moon flew through the thin veil of watery clouds, pouring only now and then her silvery rays on the Indians, who moved in profound silence, along the banks of a stream, through a range of colossal walnut trees. A light shudder fell on the old man, as he passed through the well-known recesses of his country. His teeth were compressed, the spirits of his fathers, he fancied, were

hovering round him—their voice whispering into his ears. Ever as he advanced, his step became quicker. A distant sound struck his ears—it was the barking of a dog.

"Spirit of my father," moaned he, "the white men are near thy grave!"

He now ran—he flew towards the spot. It was surrounded by a rail fence—its lovely wilderness was gone—the stalks of Indian corn were strewed on the ground—the trees had died—their barkless trunks stared like so many ghosts into the deadly face of the old man.

"Spirit of my father!" cried he, almost in agony—"Where are the bones that have made thy strength, and from whom are the bones of thy son?"

The plough had passed round the withered tree, whose ragged outlines seemed mourning in the pale moonlight over its decay. The old man fell senseless to the gronnd. His followers bounded after, to assist him.

"Away!" muttered he, with a faint voice—"away from the ground, where a mighty miko lies buried—Tokeah will dig up his bones!"

With his hands he dug up the half-frozen ground. The sharp stone cut deep into the withered palms. The blood ran from his fingers, the skin was torn from them; but the haste of the Indian increased, as if afraid lest some one might deprive him of his treasure; he bored, till he had turned up the whole mass of earth, and collected all the remains of his father. For the first and only time in his life, tears gushed from his eyes. He ran towards the grave of his mother. The plough had here gone deeper. Only a few handfuls of earth covered her bones. With unutterable grief, he added her remains to those of his father. The moon poured her bright silvery light on the savage, as he lay on the ground before the coffin.

"Spirit of my father!" groaned he, "thou hast spoken true. The beasts of the white men have passed over thy bones; they have defaced thy grave. Look down from thy abode, and behold how thy child has done what thou hast bidden him! He will take them now, where no despiteful hand shall uplift them. He will seek for them a place, where his own bones shall rest. He will bury them among the people, who will revenge thee on thy nefarious intruders. Thou shalt look with joy on thy children, and glory in their deeds. But thy son is like an aged oak—the blast has withered his strength—the storm has shivered his limbs—his spirit groans. His children are his people. Spirit of my father, if thou beholdest the face of the Great Spirit, petition him for thy son and his children." (The barking was again heard.) "I hear the sounds of the forerunner of the enemies of my race. Farewell! my native land—farewell! trees, in whose shade Tokeah has so often taken the cool mid-day breeze, after a long hunt. Farewell! stream, in whose waters he has so many times refreshed his limbs, and where he first paddled the canoe. Farewell! hills, on which his father taught him to send the quick arrow."

The moon poured once more her light from the flying clouds, and the barking was heard for the third time.

"Great Spirit!" prayed he, "thou hast looked with a bright eye on the deed of thy child—show him his path to the prairies of the Cumanchees."

The chief now arose, and laying the coffin softly on his shoulders, as if afraid to disturb the remains, he threw the thong over his neck and hastened back to the Cumanchees.

"The spirit of my father has spoken true," said the old man, with melancholy solemnity. "The

plough has passed over the hillock that enclosed his bones—it was laid waste."

"Then let us go on our home-path," returned the chief—"and the Great Spirit will guide us."

Again they crossed the Mississippi and entered the mouth of the Red river.

Ten more days had now passed. They had long ago left the swampy regions of the Mississippi, and they found themselves on the high plains that separate the Arkansas from the western Louisiana. Before them, lay the snow clad tops of the Oyask mountains; beyond which the immense prairies roll and swell towards the Rocky mountains. El Sol pointed silently to the bright aerial tints, with which these outposts of the mighty ridges were crowned.

"Behind these mountains," said he, "and far down where the sun shines mildly, and the bread tree grows high—there will my father repose."

The sun was fast setting, as they landed on the extremity of a long table rock, that ran for about a mile along the left bank of the Red river. He stept on the bank, and making his warriors a sign to follow him, proceeded towards a rock which arose in the midst of the bleak, salt prairie, in the centre of which, was a grotto, that protected them perfectly from the cold night blast. They were now near the imaginary boundary line, which the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe and their northern neighbours, the Osages, had marked for their hunting grounds.

Tokeah, with his Oconees shivered with cold. Their constitutions had, during a sojourn of seven summers near the Gulf of Mexico, and in the midst of its watery exhalations, become in a manner relaxed, and they were keenly sensible of the frost. But not a word of complaint escaped them. El Sol motioned his Pawnees to light a fire in the grove—Tokeah looked in silence.

"The nose of the miko scents red men, they are on our trail," said the old man—"the night fire, will guide them."

"My father must sleep," said the young chief; "El Sol will watch—his ears have caught their sounds."

They ate their night meal, and the Oconees stretched themselves round the blazing fire, while the hardier Pawnees sought their beds before the grotto, on the frozen ground. El Sol was listening to a legendary tale of his Cumanchees, when a sound struck his ears. Both warriors sprung on their feet, and bent their ears in the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

"Dogs!" muttered he, "they will growl for summers after their enemy, who has only struck them a blow, when it was in his power to destroy them," and touching his sleeping warriors, he darted towards the bank where the canoe lay.

His men followed, with the old chief, after him. He beckoned his warriors into the canoe, which he pushed into the stream, while he himself stole with one of the Cumanchees, along the narrow frozen path that ran between the water's edge and the high table rock. The party obeyed, without uttering a word, and the canoe glided down the river, which they had a few hours before ascended, for about half a mile, when a projecting rock barred the ulterior progress, of the young chief and of the Cumanchee. A few dwarf bushes had taken root in the rock; he broke their branches down, and making the canoe a sign to approach, both young men entered it. They landed where the table rock began, at no very considerable distance from the grotto. A party of from thirty to forty savages were seen in the light of the young moon, about a quarter of a mile from the bank, and close to the rock, where they had taken their night's repose. Some had dis-

mounted, and they examined the spot with that minute attention, which an Indian bestows on the vestiges of his enemies.

When the scouts had made their report, to him who seemed the chief of the band, he threw himself, with a dozen of the savages, from their horses; and, following the trail of our party, they compared and measured at the same time, each footstep with a quickness and agility, which rendered it dubious, whether their eyes served them not quite as well, in the dim moonlight, as during the day time. It was not long before they leaped again on their animals and bounded towards the bank, leaving the rest of the party near the rock.

El Sol had in the meanwhile, wound his way up the bank; and, leaning himself on the rock, he beckoned his Pawnees to follow him. A ghastly smile lighted their fierce countenances, as they indistinctly beheld their enemies. The young chief stood in silent suspense, his eye bent on the savages, his ear turned in the direction from which he had come, when a faint, splashing sound was heard. Motioning Tokeah and his Oconees to remain in the canoe, he now crept along the ground, with a quickness, that would have led any spectator to doubt whether he and his followers were human beings, or so many four footed animals, making their way towards their prey. Perhaps, three minutes had elapsed since they had begun their serpentine motions, and they had now approached the party of the remaining Indians, from whom they were only separated by a slightly rising ground. These stood with the reins of their horses in their hands, intensely bent forwards in the direction where their chiefs had disappeared.

The north blast whistled wildly, and brought the low, hollow sounds of the whispering Indians, distinctly to the ears of the young Cumanchee. He

paused for a moment, then raising himself on his knees, he looked up towards the young moon. She issued now from a dark showery cloud, and poured her dim light over the dusky forms of the opposite savages. Slowly lifting his rifle, El Sol at length made a sign, and the next moment half a dozen of the savages fell prostrate to the ground. A tremendous yell rent the air from the bank. Quick as lightning the young chief bounded towards the guards. The reins, or rather halters, dropped from their hands, and they flew with the utmost precipitancy towards the river. Nothing short of the readiness and expertness of the young chief and his warriors, could have succeeded in catching a dozen of the animals. So quick, however, were their movements, that the halters passed almost instantaneously from the hands of their enemies into their own. A neighing sound, a stamping noise, was all that was heard from the rest of the horses. Terror struck, they bounded up, snorted, and then rushed into the wild waste of the salt prairie. The young chief leaped on his horse, and galloping towards the bank, he picked up his rifle; his men followed him. They had scarcely entered the canoe, their horses swimming behind, when the quick report of rifles were heard—accompanied by a shower of arrows.

"Will my son promise to the miko, to be a kind father to the Oconees?" said Tokeah, with a hollow voice; single balls still whistling about their ears.

"A father and a brother," said the young chief. "But why does my father talk thus, he will live long with his children?"

"Will El Sol promise it by the Great Spirit?" repeated the old man, in a more hollow tone.

"He will," returned the young chief.

"Will he promise to bury Tokeah and his father among his people, the great Cumanchees?"

"He will," said El Sol, with a light shudder.

"It is the will of the Great Spirit, that Tokeah shall not behold the lands of the Cumanchees, he is doomed to die on the lands of the whites."

He muttered a few words into the ears of one of his Oconees, and the savage burst into a yell of the wildest despair. El Sol seized the arm of the old man. His hands still grasped the coffin, which reposed on his knees; but his frame was relaxed. A ball had entered his breast, and life was gone. The young chief threw himself over the corpse in mute horror. A cold shudder passed over him. The canoe had long been made fast, before he awoke from his stupor; when at last the soft touch of his Cumanchees made him aware of his danger, he took the corpse, and bearing it to the shore, seated it before him on horseback. His men, after having destroyed the canoe, followed, and they then moved on towards the village of the Pawnees, which they entered on the following day, amidst the appalling sounds of the death song, with the remains of the last of the mikos of the Oconees.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ye gods look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces,
Upon my daughter's head.

SHAKSPEARE.

YEARS had elapsed after these events. It was on a serene evening:—the setting sun was shedding his last rays through the yellow tinted cotton and banana trees, with which the dark green alleys of pruned coffee shrubs, that spread round Graham's seat, were studded. Gradually their lengthened shadows were losing themselves in the confused colourless hues of twilight. The distant hills still gleamed in a garish sunshine. The evening breeze stole fresher and fresher from the seashore. The last sounds of the negro's songs had died away. Only the low notes of a straggling humming-bird about the flower beds, or the merry chattering of a parrot in the cocoa trees, were heard. All breathed peace and silence.

On the piazza of a magnificent mansion, sat Sir Arthur, and upon his right his beautiful wife, Rosa, whom we now introduce to our readers, as Lady Graham. A child, lovely as a seraph played in her arms. From time to time, the eyes of the happy couple wandered from their own group, over the delightful scenery that lay around them.

"A delicious evening," said Rosa—"I think we are about to receive a visit," turning towards the still illumined hills that enclosed the valley, and

from which two carriages were seen rolling down into the broad plain.

"I presume not," replied her husband. "They come from Kingston. It is too soon—I hope, they will give us at least time to settle after our passage. I am so estranged from my second home, after a two year's absence. Mother," said he, addressing an elderly lady, who was stepping out of the saloon with letters in both hands—"you would not have seen us so soon, had it not been for Rosa."

"Then I have to thank you my darling for this agreeable surprise," returned the old lady, joining at the same time the happy party.

"We wanted nothing to complete our happiness, but our dear mother and—"

"And?" repeated both.

"Graham's sweet seat. Oh! I longed so much after my dear Jamaica, it was as though an invisible power drew me hither."

"I fear, poor child, you had to contend against two powerful antagonists. From the letters I received before your arrival, I was really afraid your uncle would not permit you to depart so soon, and Arthur I know is inseparable from Old England."

"Just the contrary!" exclaimed the young baronet, with a triumphant air. "Not a sound escaped her, and if I myself were not so deep a soul-reader, we might still be at Ludlam Castle."

"You are so fond of your native country," said Lady Rosa, while her eye hung in sweet ecstasy upon him.

"Children," said the mother, with a voice stifled almost with transport; "is your honey moon not yet over?"

"Honey moon?" repeated Arthur, pressing his wife to his bosom. "Our honey moon will last as long as we live. We are happy—happier every day."

The eye of the old lady was turned with an expression of deep-felt delight on her children.

"We have," said she, after a pause, "every reason to congratulate ourselves. Sure as I was you would be happy in your union; yet, our family connexions required that Rosa should be found acceptable to our relations. Your reception has exceeded my most sanguine hopes. I must confess, I was rather anxious, as your uncle is so particular, and his prompt demand to see you before your nuptials, made me tremble a little. Thanks to Providence, who has disposed it so well. You are, perhaps, the only being of whom your uncle is fond."

"He was really displeased at our departure," said Sir Arthur, "and grew so strange and mysterious, when we took leave of him—but what is the most astonishing, he came the day afterwards to Ludlam Castle, to see Rosa once more, gout and a host of infirmities notwithstanding."

"He desires your departure from Jamaica on the first of May, and has already provided for your passage in one of His Majesty's vessels. Can you guess where these letters come from; they have been here these three months," added she, handing him a couple of letters, and taking from Rosa's arm the child, which she caressed with motherly tenderness.

"Oh, from our dear friend, Gentillon," said Sir Arthur.

"Gabriella," said Rosa, taking another. "She is married," lisped she, after she had flown through its contents.

"To whom," demanded her husband.

"To the gentleman from Philadelphia."

"And this monster of a letter?" demanded the old lady. "It has the simple address, Mr. Graham."

"That there letter, epistle I should say!" exclaimed the baronet, laughing, "comes from the

hand of our worthy justice of the peace, of the county town of Opelousas."

"But," said the mother, "does he not know that you have succeeded Sir Robert?"

"Never mind, my dear mother," replied the baronet. "I am sure he would not address His Majesty, otherwise than Mr. George."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed the loyal lady. "It is the same, to whom you have desired me to send annually a bag of coffee, and a pipe of rum?"

"The same," replied the baronet, still laughing. "This letter contains much valuable information—and he begins as usual, with "dear lad." He warrants himself, that the rum sent to him is genuine Jimaky; he lets me further know, that his beloved town of Opelousas, has, according to his prediction, increased to fifty houses, among which are five brick buildings; that Dick Gloom has, since his marriage with Kate, become quite orderly, and don't fight above twice a-year; that Sarah, Peggy, Bill, and Harry send many greetings, not to forget Joe and Betz;—none of whom I have the honour to know."

"Abominable!" exclaimed the mother, again taking the letter, which was written on a large sheet, each page containing about fifteen lines. "It appears, as if he had written it with his horsewhip."

"Gentillon," said the young baronet, "scolds a little about the present sent to Gabriella, but his efforts have been fruitless."

"You ought to be a little jealous," said the mother to Rosa. "The casket for Gabriella, cost five hundred pounds more than that of her sister."

The two approaching carriages had in the meanwhile reached the gentle eminence on which the mansion stood, and their motion attracted the attention of the little group. The sun was down, and the night closed fast in. A servant lighted the lamps in front of the gate.

"I wonder," resumed the matron, after a pause, during which she looked alternately at the two carriages, "where they tarry so long. It is four hours since I have sent an express with the news of your arrival, and she might now be here."

She had scarcely spoken, when an elegant landau and four whirled at a rapid pace round the mansion, from the opposite direction, and halted before the gate. A couple of servants sprung from the box and back seats. Another half dozen issued from the side doors of the house. All was in a moment bustle and activity. Sir Arthur advanced through the avenue of cocoa, banana, and orange trees, to receive the new-comers.

It was Mary, sister of the baronet, with her husband Colonel Howard, the former of whom we left, some years ago, a captive of the pirate. She had arrived shortly after Arthur and Rosa, safe, and without further injury. A British merchant vessel, on board of which she had been put by the pirates, had brought her in due time to Kingston; rendering farther efforts for her release unnecessary. The second welcome, after an absence of two years, was not less affectionate. She came accompanied by her husband, Colonel Howard.

While the baronet saluted his sister and brother-in-law, the two before-mentioned carriages had come from the opposite direction at a more moderate pace. The group of servants, with a couple of boxes and portmanteaus, attending even the shortest excursion of a number of the fair sisterhood, had barred nearly the whole road, and the carriages were thus prevented from making farther progress. Arthur had no sooner observed the delay, than he hastened towards the coaches. The first of the two, was a superb travelling carriage, with three glittering coats of arms on each side and one behind. Two elderly gentlemen sat in it. The baronet's excuse for

the short interruption, was answered in broken English, in the most polite manner.

"I presume," resumed Sir Arthur, in the French language, "the gentlemen are new-comers as well as ourselves."

"We landed yesterday," replied the same.

"From England, if I am permitted to ask?" continued the young baronet, with the true curiosity of an isolated planter.

"No, sir, but from Cadiz."

"The country, where the armies of Great Britain have recently and so gloriously bled, is interesting to every Englishman."

The dawn of freedom, which the new commotions in their land of love and song seemed to indicate, was hailed by the friends of mankind with the greater enthusiasm, the more because this noble people had groaned for centuries under the most degrading mental and physical bondage.

"If gentlemen," he continued, with lofty ease and politeness, "you will do Sir Arthur and Lady Graham, the honour to alight and repose from the fatigues of the journey, it will give us great pleasure."

A short conversation ensued between the two strangers; marked, however, by a submissive tone on the part of him, who had hitherto spoken. Arthur felt a little nettled, to have addressed himself, as he found, to a secondary personage. A complying sign on the part of the one, who had hitherto been silent, brought the speaker and two servants in a moment from their seats. The humble alacrity with which they hurried, to let down the steps, and to lift the gentleman out of the carriage, bespoke a man of rank.

"Don Juan, Chevalier d'Aranza, Count de Montgomez, is pleased to accept of Sir Arthur Graham's hospitable invitation," said the principal person,

with loftiness and a low bow; which latter, however, was changed into an obeisance, towards the lady, who now entered the gate.

Don Juan, Chevalier d'Aranza, Count de Montgomez, the guest of our family, was a nobleman, who had already passed the meridian of life. He was of a middle size, and slender. His pallid countenance, tinted with an olive hue, his brow deeply furrowed, the compressed eye and lips, and a certain composed, dignified, but scrutinizing air, gave to his interesting countenance an expression of reserve, that bespoke a man, who had wielded high, if not absolute power. When he was ushered into the splendid saloon, he examined, while bowing round, the elegant assembly, with a slight but respectful glance. The silvery voice of Lady Rosa, who bade him welcome, seemed to startle him a little, but without betraying the least emotion, he turned again to the young baronet, to whom he once more made a slight bow, less as it seemed for the sake of compliment, than to have an opportunity of surveying him.

"Is it the first time," demanded Sir Arthur of his guest, who had taken the offered seat; "that the Chevalier d'Aranza, honours Jamaica with a visit?"

"The house of Aranza has for more than a century been in the possession of the Silva Valdez plantations."

"The Chevalier d'Aranza," interjected the lady mother, "does not intend to reach Silva Valdez plantations to night?—they are seventy miles from Kingston."

"I am rather afraid I shall not be able to reach them," returned the nobleman.

"If Chevalier d'Aranza will honour our house with his presence, it will give us great pleasure," said the young baronet.

"My suite is rather numerous," returned the Chevalier.

"We shall find room for them," returned Sir Arthur.

"It is but seldom that the Chevalier d'Aranza obtrudes himself; he is, however, happy to make an exception in the present case."

The second gentleman, who seemed a secretary to the nobleman, came into the saloon, and spoke a few words to the baronet.

"Chevalier d'Aranza," said the latter, "will certainly be excused by the ladies; but, should he wish to change his dress, the apartments are ready."

The nobleman bowed, and followed Sir Arthur into his apartment.

"Strange!" muttered the young baronet, as he again entered the saloon, where he found his mother and his wife waiting for him. "It seems to me, as if I had seen the Chevalier, somewhere."

"Arthur!" said Lady Rosa, "you have no idea what a crowd of strange sensations, his appearance has created in me."

"Silva Valdez plantations," interjected the old lady, "are said to be among the most valuable possessions in Jamaica."

Colonel Howard and his wife entered, and shortly afterwards the Chevalier, dressed for dinner. His dress was simple, but under the waistcoat shone forth a red silk riband, that attracted even the attention of the young baronet, little as he was inclined to overrate the distinctions of foreign orders. The golden fleece, he knew was only bestowed on noblemen of the highest rank. The six members of the party proceeded into the dining-room.

"You will find your neighbourhood very much improved," said the old lady to the Chevalier, after the first arrangements of the dinner were over. "From what I understand, the Langdales, you know," interjected she, with a glance at Arthur—"and Colonel Howard, have purchased there. Sil-

va Valdez plantations are in a most flourishing condition. It is seldom the case with possessions whose proprietors are absent."

The Chevalier bowed, but gave no answer.

"Is it long since you have been from Jamaica, Chevalier?" demanded she, in a shorter tone, doubtless displeased at his silence.

"Nineteen years, madam."

"And you have not, during the whole time, seen your plantations?"

"The service due to my sovereign, or rather the disobedience of his children, left me but little time to think on my own affairs. But," added he, with a melancholy smile; "were even my servants less faithful, there are certain cases, where one becomes indifferent towards objects that have only these charms, when we can divide them with others."

"Not married then?" said the old lady, with an accent, which betrayed that bachelors stood not very high in her opinion.

The Chevalier raised his eye in a manner, which seemed to indicate, that he was but little accustomed to similar investigations; instantly, however, he resumed his former melancholy reserve.

"I was madam," replied he—his eye fell involuntarily upon Rosa.

There is, in a questioning of this kind, a feeling of inferiority, extremely unpleasant to a refined mind. Lady Graham began to be aware, how little her short acquaintance gave her claim to a confidence on the part of her guest, that might open a barbed wound. A long pause ensued.

"The Cortes of Spain!" said Sir Arthur, rising from his chair, and lifting the glass filled with Champagne. Colonel Howard followed his example.—"May they regain that loyal liberty, which they have once enjoyed, and which made the Spanish monarchy happy and respected in the eyes of the world."

A bitter smile passed across the countenance of the nobleman.

"The Chevalier d'Aranza," said he, rising at the same time, "is infinitely obliged to Sir Arthur and Lady Graham, for the interest they take in the affairs of his country.—The ladies!" said he, giving a toast in his turn.

"And Old England!" subjoined Colonel Howard.

"And our friends in Louisiana!" concluded Sir Arthur.

"Louisiana?" demanded the nobleman with a vivacity that contrasted too strongly with his reserve, not to excite the attention of the family. "Has Sir Arthur been in that country?"

"It has fallen to my lot," replied the baronet—"to be thrown into those muddy regions, and to be lost there. I may say with truth, that I have served my apprenticeship to the Yankees."

"I hope it had a happy result," said the nobleman. "The face of the country," added he, without waiting for the baronet's reply, "is very much changed, since it came under the dominion of the United States, I understand. I am afraid none of the families have remained, who resided there when I saw it last."

"Pardon me, Chevalier, but how long is that?"

"Nearly nineteen years."

"Then, Chevalier, you would find it difficult to recognise this country. Even in four years it has changed very much. My acquaintance is very limited; should, however, the Chevalier d'Aranza desire any information, I dare engage myself for Senator Gentillon's promptitude."

A slight declining bow was all the answer. The refined indifference and guarded reserve of the nobleman, became painful to our not less polite, but somewhat blunt hero. There was something prey-

ing on the mind of the Spaniard—he saw it plainly, yet delicacy forbade further inquiries.

"The Chevalier d'Aranza seems to take some interest in Louisiana?" said Lady Rosa.

"I have, indeed, a melancholy reason for it, my lady," replied the Chevalier, in a corresponding tone.

Her glance fell upon him, as if desirous of farther explanation. His eye met hers.

"Excuse," said he, in an imploring tone, "an old man from touching a cord, which might create unharmonious sounds, in your gaily tuned hearts."

"And yet," said she—"it is so sweet, to feel that there is a heart that sympathizes with us, an eye that has a tear for our woes. We should not regret the healing balm of friendship."

"Friendship!" repeated the nobleman, fixing his eye with increasing interest on the young lady. "I am lone and friendless—the very country of which we spoke, that unfortunate Louisiana, has cost me wife and daughter."

"Louisiana!" exclaimed Lady Rosa, with a voice whose trembling sounds roused the whole party.

The sympathizing, melancholy, expression of her countenance flashed into a beam of the brightest radiance. She sprang from her seat and hurried through the saloon—her mother followed her. The nobleman looked after them astonished.

"Has my lady ever been in Louisiana?" demanded he, in strained suspense.

"Fourteen years, Chevalier," said the baronet, rising from his chair and approaching his guest.

"And the name of her family?" demanded the Chevalier eagerly.

"Is unknown," repeated the baronet, quickly.

"Unknown?" repeated the nobleman.

"Will the Chevalier d'Aranza honour us with his

confidence? It is of the utmost importance," said the baronet, seizing the hands of the nobleman—"Chevalier d'Aranza has lost his lady and child?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the nobleman. "It is nineteen years, since I was sent by my royal master to regulate some affairs in the government of the colony. My wife accompanied me; she gave me during our short stay, in the capital of that province, a daughter. On the day after her birth, an order from my sovereign arrived, which called me instantly to London. My wife shuddered at the thought of crossing the boisterous Gulf of Mexico. She remained in New Orleans. She was to leave the city as soon as she recovered, to travel by land to New York, and to embark there for London. Four male and two female servants remained with her."

"Go on, sir, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the baronet.

"My tale is short," continued the nobleman. "After a stay of four weeks in London, I was nominated governor in South America. My orders were peremptory, and I was not even permitted to touch at the port in the United States, where my lady was to embark. I had already been six months at my post in South America, when I received the information that she had left New Orleans, with her servants under a convoy of soldiers. They were exchanged for a convoy of Indians when she arrived in their territory. It was the last and only information I was able to obtain. The subsequent wars rendered all my efforts fruitless—she was lost."

"Lost, where?" demanded Lady Rosa, who now rushed into the room.

"Lost among the Indians on the road from New Orleans."

"Father!" exclaimed Lady Rosa, sinking before

the Chevalier on her knees, and holding up his own portrait.

The Spaniard snatched it from her hands, cast a glance at it, and with the words, "My daughter," fell upon the neck of his recovered child.

THE END.

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